

MADE WHERE THE MOVIES ARE MADE

SCREENLAND

Vol 6 #1
October 1922

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\$2.50 the year

Straight
from
Hollywood!



MYRON ZOBEL
Publisher

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HENRY
CLIVE
1922

SCREENLAND SAYINGS NO. 1.
A FLASHBACK



DESTROYS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR AND
ROOTS

And now never a care for bothersome *superfluous hair*. She has learned to definitely free herself of it with the roots—a secret for which thousands of women still yearn. If you have used depilatories, electrolysis or the razor, which leave the roots to thrive, and often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser, you will immediately appreciate this superior remedy.

ZIP gently lifts out the roots with the hairs, and thus destroys the growth without electricity.

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but checks its future growth.

Rapid, simple to use, fragrant, safe and painless,
it leaves the skin soft and smooth. *Guaranteed*
not to harm even the most delicate skin.

Women everywhere are discarding the old dangerous methods and are now using ZIP. Avoid imitations.

Which of the **THREE TYPES OF SUPERFLUOUS HAIR** have you? Write for **FREE BOOK**, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," which tells you or call at my Salon and let me give you a **FREE DEMONSTRATION** or prove to you what **ZIP** has done.

Madame Berthe
Specialist

Specialist

Specialist
562 Fifth Ave. (46th St) New York City

At All Good Stores
or direct by mail



Use at Home
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Your Beauty Shop

Also Madame Berthe's	
Massage and Cleansing Cream—cannot promote hair growths.....	60c
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The new perfect arched brow, so expressive, is readily had with **ZIP**.

Plucking and shaving are passe.

A well rounded arm—free from all downy hair—is a necessity with the vogue for short sleeves.

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Now We're Going To Make a Motion Picture!

We shall take a trip into a big Hollywood studio—never heed that watchful guard at the gate—and watch in the sacred precincts of picturedom the progress of a photoplay, from scenario to the final screen presentation.

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By MELVIN M. RIDDLE

Author of “Behind the Camera with Elinor Glyn”

“How Do They Do It?”

You have often asked yourself this question, as you sat in the dim coolness of the theatre and watched the shadowy story unfold before you on the screen.

You have thought of pictures in terms of actors, directors and backgrounds, probably. If so, your knowledge covers only about one-fifth of the varied factors that make the finished picture that thrills you on the silver screen.

If you would really know what goes on behind the scenes in Filmland;

If you aspire to make a place for yourself in pictures, either as a player or writer;

If your scenarios have been coming back because your ignorance of picture production has concealed the real merit of your plots—

You will want this book. But you must act quickly, for the edition of “Pen to Silversheet” is limited and will soon be exhausted. The small sum of \$1.00 brings it to you. Don't Wait! Clip the attached coupon and mail it to us TODAY!

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Let us show you by a ten-day test how combating film in this new way beautifies the teeth

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That film resists the tooth brush. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. That is why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

Keeps teeth dingy

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. And, despite the tooth brush, they have constantly increased.

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Careful people have this film removed twice yearly by their dentists. But the need is for a daily film combatant.

Now dental science, after long research,

has found two ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. A new-type tooth paste has been perfected to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it, to fight the film twice daily.

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Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which otherwise may cling and form acids.

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Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The results are seen everywhere—in glistening teeth.

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Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Tomorrow

—WITH APOLOGIES TO NO ONE—

(Copyright, 1922)

THE pioneers of the Motion Pictures have become its leading exponents. But the great minds of Tomorrow will teach us that which we now fondly term an Art is but a thin veneer concealing elemental crudities.

Griffith, master of Today, approached the fourth dimension of feeling in *Way Down East* by flashing four smashing transitions in as many successive scenes. Then he relapsed into burlesque that reeked of the clown ring. Sorrow, humor, sin and love were whiplashed across the screen in showing the guests at the squire's party. The descent into buffoonery were the incidents of Hi Holler's broken egg and a kicked spinster.

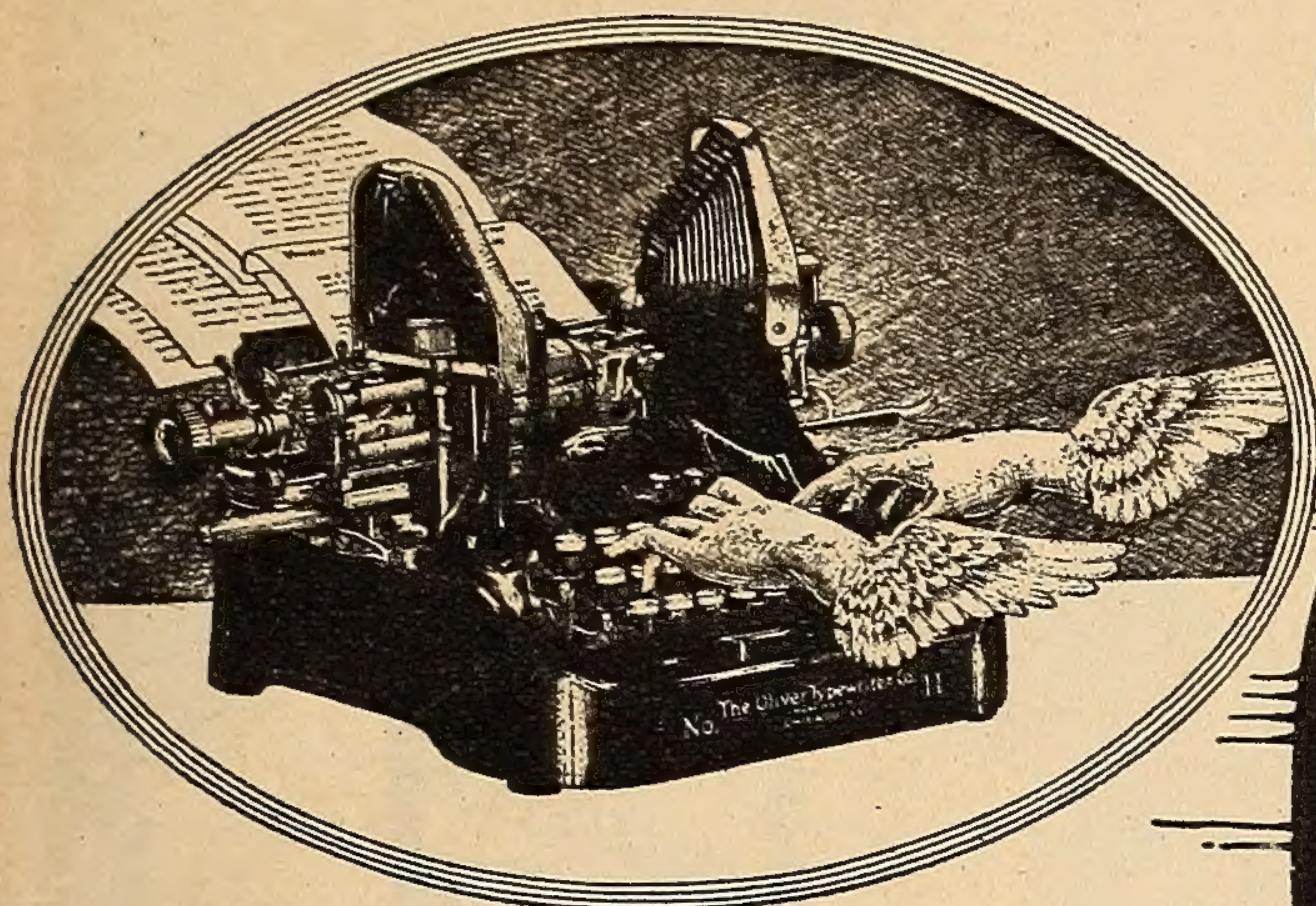
CRAFT parades as Art, Today. King Vidor, a script boy seven years ago, played film chords with divinity and became a producer. C. B. DeMille mingled the skill of stage carpenters and dressmakers no better than less ambitious chefs mixed salad dressings. Von Stroheim used the shell-game trick and outguessed us by showing the depravity of respectability. Rex Ingram, loved-inspired, subsided like a fatigued dervish after his *Four Horsemen*. Charles Ray gave us the title-less *The Ol' Swimmin' Hole* and since the plunge all efforts to resuscitate him from mediocrity have failed. Success of the great spectacles belongs to landscape architects and nimble cameramen deserve the dubious credit when Mack Sennett occasionally invades polite entertainment. The screen is groping toward Art, but it rarely grasps it.

WHEN it is said that the Motion Picture embodies all of the Arts it is meant that the literary art of the author, the dramatic art of the scenarist and director, the histrionic art of the actor and the fine arts of the technical director and of the photographer are combined in one product. In addition, tempo, an element of music, is occasionally contained.

Art is an original pattern woven in the cloth of beauty. Craft is the application of the principles of artistic construction. The artist designs, creates. The craftsman applies the artistic creation. An artist may be a craftsman and a craftsman may conceive and thus be an artist, but Craft is never Art.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at San Francisco, California.

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But we offer this wonderful Oliver Speedster on the same plan we have recently adopted in selling the No. 9.

That is, we ship direct from the factory to the buyer, saving you the \$35 that an indirect, extravagant selling system would require.

Yet, in all our 27 years experience, this is the finest typewriter we have ever built. If any typewriter is worth \$100, it is this Oliver Speedster.

How We Save You \$35

It is impossible to fully describe the superiorities of the new Oliver Speedster in print. You must see it and operate it to appreciate its betterments.

So we ship it to you for five days free trial, without your sending a penny in advance and without obligating you to buy.

We want you to try it in the privacy of your own office or home. Compare it with any typewriter.

We let the Oliver sell itself. You are the sole judge. Could any offer be fairer? Think how few articles dare to be sold this way!

If You Agree

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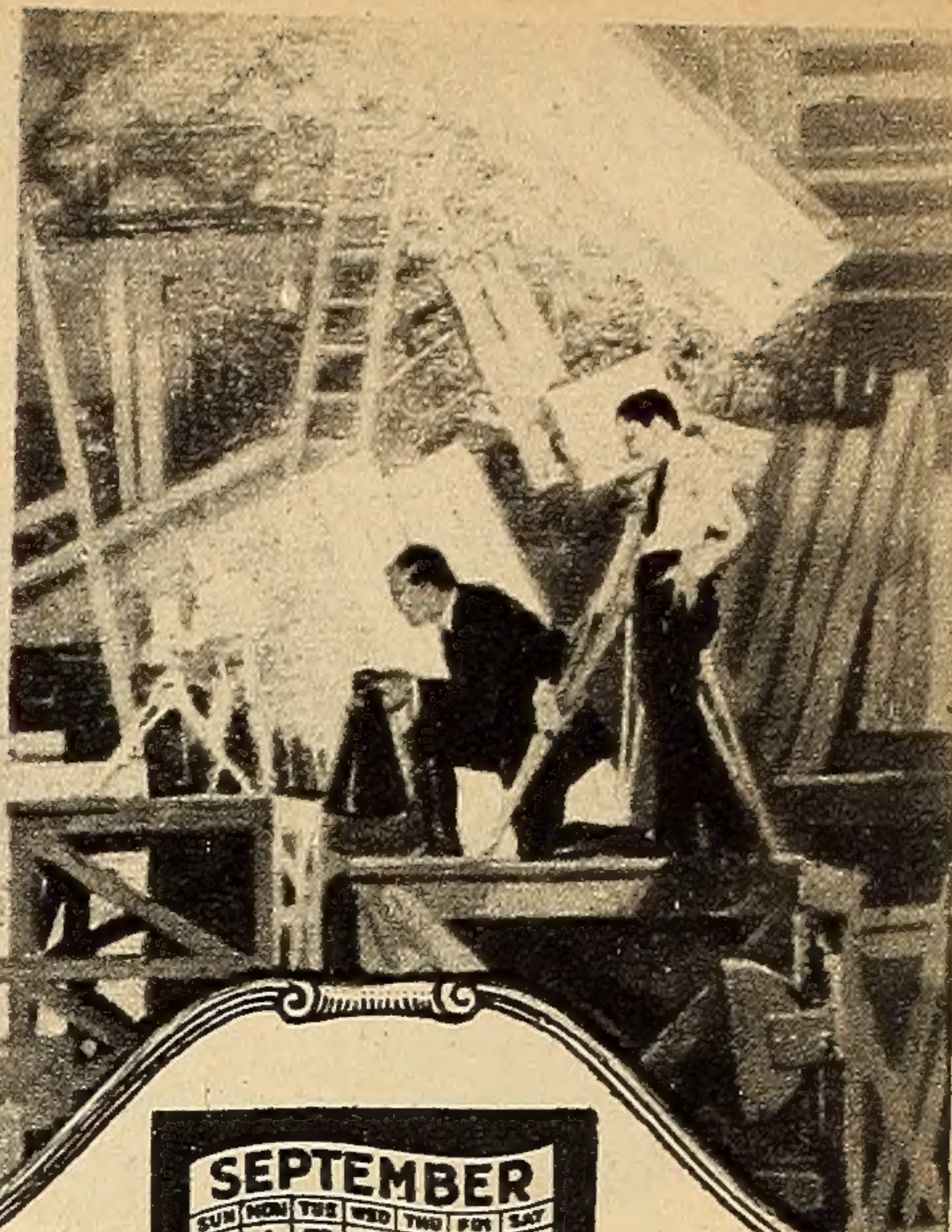
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Such an organization is Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, producers of Paramount Pictures.

Independent effort, diffusion of power, scattered attempts to win public approval, can never match the work of an organization that holds to the ideals that have been and continue to be the inspiration of Paramount.

That's why "if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."

Paramount Pictures



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY



SCREENLAND

HENRY
CLIVE

—is making one year's supply of brilliant, original, irresistibly attractive cover paintings for Screenland. And this photograph shows him at work in his studio beginning the first one, on this month's cover of Screenland.

"A pretty cover doesn't make a magazine really better," a reader wrote to us not long ago, "but it makes it seem better." And it is true that an attractive cover makes a magazine in the same degree that clothes make the man. Or to put it in the words of Will Rogers:

"Clothes do not make the man, but they often make him ridiculous."



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Dorothy Phillips

Viola Dana

Mary Jane Sanderson

Irene Castle

Constance Talmadge

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Grace Darmond

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By A Real One

Secrets of the Stars

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"A surprise in every issue"

See the \$200 prize contest that begins this month

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The Editors' PAGE

Myron Zobel, Editor

Syl. MacDowell, Managing Editor

Hiss the Bad Ones

THE good old custom of hissing seems to be dying out. In the old days one had live actors at which to throw ripe eggs and tomatoes and the rest of the garden truck that was too far gone to send East for hotel consumption.

Nowadays the silver screen has largely removed the pleasure of vegetable ovations. But the cause of them still holds good.

It is not right to leave the theater dissatisfied until that dissatisfaction has been given voice. The least thing you can do is to tell the manager when a picture you have seen displeases you. If he is a good manager he will appreciate this courtesy, for it really is a courtesy. You will help him to make money by giving him an idea of the kind of pictures for which you are willing to spend your money.

If you are unwilling to step right up to the box office and register a kick, the next best thing is to start a low hum and a stamping of feet; or a gentle hissing through closed teeth will serve as well. Try to get as many of your friends as possible who are sitting about you to join you in this public demonstration of disgust.

The film actors will not be distracted and the manager may derive profit from the demonstration. It may even come back eventually to the actors themselves, the directors and the producers that gave birth to the photoplay that caused you pain. We will thank you and so will those who really love the motion picture art. Help to make the pictures better by telling them when they are bad. Don't let the good old custom of hissing die an unnatural death.

Their Pasts

CAPTAINS of finance like to boast of their humble beginnings. But movie celebrities never try to interest others in their pasts. It is taken for granted that everyone has at least one of his own.

A group of calloused press agents were trying to summon from memory's storehouse the oldest "publicity gag" in existence.

"The star who has her jewels stolen," one began.

"The gateman who fails to recognize the star in her make-up," offered another.

"The ingenue who adores reading," was the hoary fable recalled by the third.

But the fourth one, in a brilliant flash of reminiscence, said:

"The movies have never used the oldest hokum. It is the one we hear every time a business man makes a success: that he was raised on a farm and sold papers for a living. I know its hokum, because nobody could make a living selling papers on a farm."

Modes in Morality

A "GOOD CONDUCT CLAUSE," the name of a short story that appeared recently in this magazine, is now being written and observed in the employment of players in the largest motion picture stock company in America.

Rigid rules and regulations governing their public and private lives have been issued to the players, by the company, "to protect the good name of their profession."

Some interesting paragraphs appear in the published code:

"Be careful in your choice of associates. Remember, 'a man is known by the company he keeps.' A woman is known by the company she avoids."

"Avoid alcoholic stimulants and late hours. If you are a woman, nothing can destroy your good looks so quickly; if you are a man, nothing can incapacitate you so much for the arduous work of the studio."

"Ability to portray emotions is your stock in trade, but the place for portrayal of emotion is on the screen, not in the studio. * * * Burst of so-called temperament in the studio will not be tolerated. * * * We are all grown men and women."

"Any member failing to * * * avoid places, circumstances and conduct which might in any way bring themselves and the industry into disrepute * * * is liable to instant dismissal."

Players are advised to read good books to broaden their outlook on life; to read a good newspaper and to keep abreast of developments in politics, literature, economics, art. "Remember that your mentality and tastes shine through your eyes on the screen," it is asserted.

We are happy to recognize that the time has come when notoriety of a player will be regarded by their associates as an injury to them all.

the Priscilla Dean Tam



The Only Hat for Out Door Life



The hat with the rakish, jaunty, carefree appearance

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Priscilla Dean Tams come in two sizes—one for young ladies, the other for children

And such wonderful colors! You can select one to harmonize with any costume—whether you're motoring, hiking, boating, golfing, playing tennis—in fact, it's the *only* hat for street wear.

Priscilla Dean Tams are made of the finest quality suede cloth—a soft pliable material that drapes so gracefully at any angle. Always has that trim, tailor-made look because the inner elastic band makes it fit any head comfortably. A neat band of gros-grained ribbon and a cute little bow complete the picture.



For your vacation—a Priscilla Dean Tam. The only practical hat for girls with bobbed hair

Your wardrobe is not complete without a Priscilla Dean Tam. It costs only \$1.50. No reason why you should not have at least one besides your regular hat.

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Look for the name
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First Prize	\$100
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HOW TO ENTER SCREENLAND TITLE CONTEST

Any reader may send title suggestions, as many as he chooses, writing only one title to each sheet of paper. Attach your name and address to each sheet and envelopes should contain nothing but the titles unless you wish to compete for the grand prizes, headed by a first prize of \$100. In this case, enclose a one-dollar bill or a one-dollar check or money order in the envelope *with* your title suggestions. The subscription must accompany the titles submitted.

A title may be original or quoted from some well-known author. It should not contain more than 20 words. The contest begins in this issue and will appear in the following six issues of *SCREENLAND*. The contest will close on May 1, 1923. The winning titles will be selected by members of *SCREENLAND*'s staff and their decision will be final. The list of winners will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest and checks mailed to the winners simultaneously with the announcement of the award. If duplicates are received for any winning answer, the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

Members of *SCREENLAND*'s staff will not take part in the contest.

What does the above photograph, posed by Miss Shannon Day, film actress, suggest to you? To list your answers in the grand prize group, attach one dollar to the coupon below, and mail it with your title ideas. Every contestant sending a subscription will receive a personal response from Miss Day and an autographed photograph as reproduced above.

SCREENLAND TITLE CONTEST EDITOR:

This subscription, for the next six issues of *SCREENLAND*, for which I enclose one dollar, entitles me to compete for the grand prize offer in *SCREENLAND*. The titles I submit for the photograph of Shannon Day are enclosed herewith.

Name _____ Address _____

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HERE & THERE *in* SCREENLAND



¶ The versatility of Henry Clive, the artist, ranges from the June day technique of this favorite portrait of our Mary to the robust style of the girl on the cover. Reproduced by special permission of MARY PICKFORD.



¶ A Johnstown, Pa., theatre sent a beauty contest winner to Hollywood. Now she is a star! In the next Warner Production, watch for MARY JANE SANDERSON.

Photograph by Evans Studio.

Screen
land



¶ Rare indeed is the mature face whose contour mocks the severity of underlighting. Happy thoughts and butterless diet are the friends of VIOLA DANA. Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser.

Screen
land



Brother-in-law Schenck saw "East is West" last season on Broadway and laughed so much that somebody sold him the picture rights. The play is being filmed by CONSTANCE TALMADGE. Photograph by Melbourne Spurr.

Screen
land



¶ *The Madonna spirit that eluded the canvas of some portrait master lurks in this latest study of NORMA TALMADGE.*
Photograph by Melbourne Spurr.

Screen
land



¶ "Hurricane's Gal," a sweeping Holubar drama, marks the return to the screen, after a year's absence, of DOROTHY PHILLIPS.
Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser.

Screen
land



¶ *"The best dressed woman in the world" realizes the charm of moderation. This Hodkinson star, shunning excess, is MRS. IRENE CASTLE.*

Screen
land



¶ The proper thing to say, we imagine, is: "Find the queen of hearts." Answer is: HELEN FERGUSON.

Screen
land



¶ Flavor is as essential in pictures as in cake-baking. Sweet eyes, soft glances are savory dashes in many photoplay recipes. Then is when you see GRACE DARMOND.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr.

Screen
land

¶ Ptomaine Hall! That was the joyful title given the Planet Studio cafeteria by the actors and actresses who crowded through its swinging doors at noon each day. At a little table that faced a wide window that looked upon the studio yard the friendly little president, Mr. Bloom, met and conquered one of his most interesting problems. It all began—

—during the noon hour, and the cafeteria in the Planet Studio in Hollywood was crowded. From the bright sunshine outside, actors and actresses, all in evening dress and with make-up on their faces, came through the swinging doors, passed down an aisle on one side of which was a lunch counter and on the other, tables at each of which there were four chairs, picked up trays, silverware and paper napkins from a shelf, stopped in front of a steam-table, where they were served by three white-aproned young men and one man whose apron once had been white, and then, each carrying his or her laden tray, steered for the first unoccupied chairs they could find.

Fifteen minutes after the noon gong rang in the studio, there was in Ptomaine Hall only one table that was surrounded by empty chairs. This table faced the wide window that looked upon the studio yard and differed from its fellows in that it was covered with a cloth, held napkins that were of linen instead of paper, and was flanked by chairs that were of wicker instead of pine. These wicker chairs were the seats of the mighty and were reserved for Mr. A. Bloom, president of the Planet Film Corporation, Inc., his studio manager, his director and his scenario writer. His star and her mother always lunched in the star's dressing room, where, although the food was colder, the company was more exclusive, and the leading man never lunched at all.

MR. BLOOM, the plump little president, whose waist-line was the least of his troubles, was the first of the linen napkin set to arrive for lunch this bright autumn day. He came in nodding and smiling, for he was a friendly little man, who always took it for granted that everybody else was as glad to see him as he was to see them. There was genuine warmth in the smiles and nods that answered his, and this pleased him so much that he continued to smile and nod, until after seating himself in a chair whose

wicker back was toward the window, he noticed that in the cafeteria there were several more actors and actresses than he had expected to see.

"The pay-roll has got inflammation again," he muttered to himself, and turning to the market page in the morning newspaper, which as yet he had not had time to read, he said aloud:

"Bowl of bread and milk, please."

"No room here for kids," replied, surlily, the manager of Ptomaine Hall, a corpulent and consequential person, who did his own eating elsewhere, but who always made it a point to wait upon Mr. Bloom.

The latter, looking up in justifiable surprise, saw that the manager had spoken not to him but to a boy of about ten who stood just inside the door.

"What is it, sonny?" asked Mr. Bloom, who had no children of his own.

"I'm looking for Dad," said the boy; "he told me he would be here for lunch."

"Stand outside and wait for him," directed the man who managed the cafeteria.

"Sit down and wait for him," countermanded the man who owned it, and when the boy, smiling gratefully, dropped into one of the wicker chairs, Mr. Bloom smiled back and said:

"How about having a bite to eat?"



PUNISH

By LOUIS

Illustrated by

"No, thanks," answered the youngster, "I'll just sit and wait."

He looked at the door and Mr. Bloom looked at him.

"What are you thinking about?" asked the man.

"My dad," said the boy promptly.

"Got a nice dad?"

"You bet your American word of honor," was the obviously prejudiced reply.

"Got a nice mamma?" pursued Mr. Bloom, who was a conversationalist who always kept in practice.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "but I'm sorry to have to say that she isn't very well."

"She'll get well," was Mr. Bloom's comforting assurance. "Either you get well or you die. She ain't going to die, so she must be going to get well."

"She's pretty sick," said the boy, seriously. "Of course, she doesn't know just how sick she is. She thinks she'll be well before spring, but dad and the doctor and I know better."

"She probably knows more than you," contended Mr. Bloom. "Any-



the Villain"

WEADOCK

EVERETT WYNN

way, she knows more than the doctor. I can't see that you and your dad know so much either."

"We take care of mamma," said the boy simply.

"What's your name?" inquired Mr. Bloom, who was afraid that in trying to comfort the boy he had hurt his feelings.

"Crawford Kendall, Junior," his guest answered with a touch of pride.

"I'm pleased to meet you," Mr. Bloom said and extended a cushiony hand. "I know your father. He writes scenarios for me. My name is Bloom."

"I've heard my father speak of you," the boy told him, as they shook hands. "He likes you. You own all this, don't you? I mean all this studio and Ptomaine Hall and the rest of it."

THE manager, with Mr. Bloom's bread and milk, had reached the table just in time to do a little eavesdropping.

"What would the little boy like to eat?" he asked.

"Nothing, thank you," said the boy, who, evidently unaware that Ptomaine Hall was not the official name of the establishment, turned back to Mr. Bloom.

"You and my dad ought to be good friends," he said gravely. "My dad says you're a square guy. Did you ever get a medal for being a square guy?"

Mr. Bloom shook his head regretfully.

"My dad did," announced the youngster. "It was when we lived in Chicago."

"Did you say he got a medal for being a square guy or a brave guy?" asked Mr. Bloom.

"Square," was the serious answer. "Of course, he's brave, but he hasn't got a medal for that yet. But when we left Chicago to come out here, because mamma was sick, a lot of people gave dad a banquet and a medal, saying: 'To Crawford Kendall, a square man, June 10, 1922.'"

"How long did he live in Chicago?" asked the cautious Mr. Bloom.

"All his life," answered the boy.

His host, finishing his bread and milk in silence, called the manager when he was through.

"This is my friend Crawford Kendall, Jr.," he said, gravely; "he's going to wait here for his father, and if he wants anything, you give it to him."

With his left hand he reached for his hat; with his right he shook hands with his new friend.

"I'll find your father and send him over," he promised, and left him.

Walking slowly back to his office, he talked to himself, as was his custom when he was troubled in his mind. What he said to himself was:

"I wonder how those fellers in Chicago ever come to give a medal to a thief."

HE walked into his office with his head down and his eyes upon the carpet.

"Abie, did you lose something?" gently inquired a feminine voice with whose cadences twenty-four years of married life had made Mr. Bloom familiar.

"Well, if it ain't Mamma!" he cried in glad surprise as he came to a standstill just inside the door. "And ain't she stylish in her new dress and her new hat and everything?"

The large and placid lady, who filled to overflowing the swivel chair at the presidential desk, received this tribute modestly.

"Abie," she said, "this is my old gray taffeta that the dressmaker made it new for me, and the feathers on the hat is the feathers I had dyed and packed away. Otherwise everything is brand new."

"And everything is A first class number one," said her husband, retreating from the dangerous ground of particulars to the firmer footing of generalities.

"If it wasn't, I wouldn't wear it," was Mrs. Bloom's complacent reply.

She accompanied it with a large gesture of her heavily-beaded bag, a gesture that indicated that she thought it was time to change the subject. Mr. Bloom was not altogether surprised when his wife turned her attention to him.

"How comes it you walk into your own office looking like a feller that's ashamed of something?" she asked. "What you been doing now?"

"Who? Me?" parried the uneasy Mr. Bloom.

"You," she said, regarding him with disconcerting intentness. "You ain't been firing any of the hands, have you? Whenever you fire anybody, you look like you lost your friend."

"I ain't fired anybody yet," he said, forcing himself to meet her gaze. "However, that ain't saying that I ain't going to fire nobody——"

"So many times it thunders when it don't rain," she said, her relief showing in her softened eyes; "but I didn't come here to scold you. I come so that you can do me a favor."

"I'll do it as soon as I telephone a minute," he assured her, and reached

for his desk telephone. "Don't you want I should give you a little kiss?"

"Why, Mr. Bloom!" protested the telephone operator who, at her switchboard down the hall, received this proposal.

"I don't want to kiss you, Ruth," he explained hurriedly; "my wife is here. What I want you to do is to locate Mr. Kendall and tell him his little boy is waiting for him over in the cafeteria."

He sat down the telephone and turned inquiringly to his wife.

"You can give me a little kiss if you want to," she said graciously; "then we'll talk about the favor. It's about Mr. Kendall."

Mr. Bloom, who had stooped that he might take advantage of his wife's generous offer, straightened suddenly.

"Oh, well," said his wife, philosophically; "one kiss more or less don't make so much difference——"

"It does to me," he assured her hastily and kissed her.

"Abie," she said, "I ain't exactly comfortable."

"Get up and take this one," he suggested, drawing toward her a chair more substantial than the swivel chair in which she sat. "The first thing you know you'll fall out of that merry-go-around."

Not until she had transferred herself to the other chair did she speak.

"I mean I ain't exactly comfortable in my mind," she told him then; "I don't think you pay Mr. Kendall enough wages——"

"You don't think!" he burst out hotly; then had the good fortune to remember to whom he was addressing himself: "Go on and have your say. Then I'll talk," he added in much milder accents.

His wife stroked his arm.

"You fly up for nothing," she smiled indulgently. "If you knew all about Mr. Kendall, you'd give him a raise or overtime or something."

"I am going to give him something," said Mr. Bloom to himself; "I'm going to give him the gate."

"Stop thinking and listen to me," commanded his wife: "I didn't know till this morning that Mrs. Kendall is the lady who is so sick in that bungalow court near the gas station."

"Which gas station?" inquired Mr. Bloom. "In Hollywood there is more than one gas station."

"There is only one Mrs. Kendall," was the unperturbed reply. "Some of us members of the Wednesday Afternoon Ladies' Club got to talking and as soon as I heard it was Mrs. Kendall who is sick I went right over."

"What did you bring her?" asked Mr. Bloom, who knew his wife.

"Nothing," said Mrs. Bloom; "nothing except some of my home-

made apricot preserves with a little pineapple in it, the kind that you're always eating too much of, and some of my home-made strawberries, the kind that stays red in the jar, and——"

"All right," he said hastily. "And what did you find?"

"I found a very sick lady. She should be out on the desert or up in the mountains. And she should have a better doctor. Of course she thinks she's going to get well right away, but you know them cases, Abie. They don't get well unless they get the best of care. Now, what I want you to do is to raise Mr. Kendall's wages so he can give it to her."

"Mamma," said Mr. Bloom, getting slowly to his feet and biting his lip to nerve himself for the task that confronted him; "Mamma, do you know what it is rushes?"

"It's got something to do with the fillums," she guessed.

"It's got lots to do with the fillums," he told her. "The rushes is the stuff we shoot yesterday and look at today. It shows us how the picture is coming along——"

"I should think you could tell that by looking at the picture," she said. "Now about Mr. Kendall——"

"Rushes is part of the picture," said Mr. Bloom. "Now if you'll come with me and look at the rushes you'll know why I ain't going to give Mr. Kendall any more money, any more money at all."

"I'll go with you and look at anything you want to show me," she said, rising; "but that don't mean that you ain't going to give Mr. Kendall some more money and give it to him right away."

"When you see what I've got to show you, you'll agree with me," he said confidently as he hurried to the door.

"I'll agree with you," said his wife, amiably, as she followed at a more leisurely pace; "I'll agree with you if you'll agree with me."

THEIR destination was the projection room, a long, narrow, windowless shed that sprawled beside Stage No. 2, which was a towering structure of glass and canvas. It was the only stage Mr. Bloom owned and why he should have named it Stage No. 2 was as much a mystery as why he should have numbered his two studio cars Nos. 26 and 27.

Nearing the stage, he was several lengths in the lead, but his wife, puffing along in his wake, brought him to a halt by hailing him in a voice which he knew better than to disregard.

"You say you can't afford to raise Mr. Kendall's pay," she said, reproachfully, as she came up to him; "but I see you got two cameras on that stage number two, and the

amount of electric light you burn here in the day time is positively disgraceful."

"I can't make pictures without electric light," he said patiently, "and them cameras is one for the American negative and one for the foreign negative, and——"

"Never mind," she interrupted; "why don't you make your pictures like you used to when you first begun to make pictures—all outdoors?"

"It ain't art," he said, as condescendingly as he dared. "Five years ago I couldn't afford to have lots of classy interiors——"

"Five years ago you were getting more interest on your investment," she told him.

"Aw, come on, Mamma," he pleaded, taking her hand. "You know many times you've told me it ain't polite to argue in public. Come with me and I'll hand you the convincer."

She permitted herself to be led into the long, bare projection room and handed to one of a dozen or more theatre seats which were banked on a low platform at one end. There she sat and looked down the length of the room to the white sheet which covered the wall at the farther end.

"More light being wasted," she sniffed, as her eyes traveled from a cluster of lights that were set in the low ceiling to more light which drifted in through a slit in the wall behind her and above her.

"Make yourself at home, Mamma," said Mr. Bloom; "I'll be back in a minute. I got to tell Bill something."

He was back in less than a minute. Indeed, he had not really gone away, but standing upon one of the seats in the top row had engaged in a whispering conversation with some unseen functionary whose voice, at intervals in Mr. Bloom's earnest conversation, was audible in the lighted booth that overlooked the projection room.

"I can't hear you," said Mr. Bloom, with a trace of annoyance; "talk louder."

"Who's the chicken?" asked in a hoarse whisper the man in the booth.

"It ain't a chicken," was Mr. Bloom's horrified response; "it's my wife."

"Oh!" said a deeply disappointed voice from above.

"Abie," inquired Mrs. Bloom, "did you come in here to show me something or did you come in here to gibble gabble?"

"We are ready to go ahead," he answered in his best dignified manner. "Bill, you can let 'er flicker."

The lights in the ceiling went out and a red light glowed in the darkness at the farther end of the room.

"What's the danger?" asked Mrs. Bloom.

"Tsst!" hissed her husband; "it's a signal. It shows Bill is ready to run the fillum. Now, with a push button here, I signal back that he can go ahead and run it. You can't see the push button. It's over here in the dark."

"The push button ain't all I can't see," remarked, with a shade of asperity, the impatient Mrs. Bloom; "I can't see what's the use of wasting money on push buttons. Why don't you just yell at him?"

"It wouldn't do at all," contended her husband; "in the movies you got to have a system in everything. You got to——"

"You don't got to sit there all afternoon without pushing the button," she remonstrated. "If this is the way you spend your time, I can put a red bulb in the clothes closet at home and you can go in and shut the door and not have to go to the studio at all. I can——"

"You can please give me a chance to show you you are all wrong," said Mr. Bloom, loftily. "Wait till I find this here push button."

His wife raised her voice in a tone of command.

"Mr. Bill, up there," she said, addressing herself to the rear wall, "whatever you are going to do, do it. This is Mrs. Bloom speaking."

"Let 'er flicker," repeated Mr. Bloom, ignoring the fact that already Bill had started his projection machine.

"She's flickering," commented Mrs. Bloom, in bitter tones; "she's flickering so bad I can't make no sense out of the fillum."

"Frame!" shouted Mr. Bloom, and the film began to run more smoothly.

"You should have music," observed Mrs. Bloom; "you wouldn't believe how much help music is to pictures, especially to punk ones."

"This picture ain't a punk one," sputtered her indignant husband. "You were saying why don't I make pictures like I made five years ago. Well, this is a picture I made five years ago. If you look at it and not talk so much, you'll see it."

"You ain't got one of Dave Griffith's pictures, handy, have you, Abie?" she asked, stifling a yawn.

"No, and I ain't got Sousa's band," he retorted; "all I got here is a picture that if you will do me the favor to pay attention to it, will show you that this feller Kendall is a low life."

"My, ain't the styles changed in five years?" Mrs. Bloom wondered audibly.

"About the styles I don't care nothing at all," grunted her husband; "I want you to watch close for a situation at the end of this reel. I'll tell you when we come to it."

"Tell me before," she advised. "Give me time to get my eyes open."

"Are you sitting there looking at this fillum with your eyes shut?" demanded Mr. Bloom.

"I look once in a while."

"Mamma, please look all the time," he begged; "don't you want me to prove to you that this feller Kendall is a thief?"

"No, I don't," she answered stoutly; "I want you to give him more money. Anyway, looking at a picture he ain't even in don't prove he ever stole a penny——"

"Look!" cried her husband, excitedly. "Look there where the old blind man gets his eyesight back and punches the villain."

"I see it," said Mrs. Bloom calmly. "I knew all the time it was going to happen."

"Can you remember it?" asked her husband.

"I ain't much for remembering pictures," she answered warily, "and I don't see what difference it makes if I remember it or not——"

"It makes lots of difference," he told her. "Now, just shut your eyes and don't look at the rest of the reel. Keep thinking about that blind man getting his eyesight back and punching the villain."

"I don't want to shut my eyes," she remonstrated, stirring uneasily; "this picture is just getting good."

"Keep 'em open then," returned the exasperated man; "the reel'll be over in a minute anyway."

WHEN it had been run, he called up to the man in the booth: "Put on the rushes," he said.

"Don't bother on my account," said Mrs. Bloom, rising in the darkness. "I appreciated looking at that picture, but I can't stay here all afternoon looking at pictures. I got to see Dr. Stein about Mrs. Kendall."

"Please, Mamma, sit down again," begged her husband. "The rushes are very short and unless you see them you won't know what I'm driving at."

"Probably I won't know anyway," she answered. "I got to go. Mr. Bill, turn on the light."

"Bill, turn on the rushes," cried Mr. Bloom.

"Abie!" gasped his wife, "are you sick?"

"I ain't sick," proclaimed the little man, who found it is easier to be brave in the dark than in the light; "I ain't sick, but I am purely and simply bossing my own business. Bill, hurry up with them rushes."

Again the projection machine began to buzz; again a moving picture unrolled itself upon the farther wall.

"Remember," said Mrs. Bloom, slowly and distinctly in the darkness, "the lights won't be out forever. Abie, just put your mind on that."

"If you'll put your mind and your eyes on the rushes, you will see something," announced the intrepid man.

"When these lights go on again, you will see something else," remarked Mrs. Bloom; "you will also hear something——"

"Watch the screen," he advised in a hoarse whisper. "What you see will make you speechless."

"Not the way I feel, it won't," she retorted. "It's more likely to make me dizzy. All I can see is the same actors and actresses doing the same thing over and over again. It's all mixed up. There ain't no sense to it——"

"Look now!" he exclaimed; "see the blind man getting his eyesight back and punching the villain."

"Suppose he is?" she asked, wearily; "ain't it because your friend, Bill, has got the fillums mixed?"

"Mamma," cried Mr. Bloom, "you know better, but you won't admit it. You know that the pictures you looked at just before you looked at this was made five years ago. I'm telling you that the picture that you're looking at now was made yesterday. That one scene of the blind man getting his eyesight back and punching the villain is in both of them the identical, similar, and the same scene. Different people, but the same scene. It's a scene I put in my picture five years ago and now along comes this feller, Kendall, and tries to put it in my picture again. It is theft and highway robbery and——"

"His wife is sick," said Mrs. Bloom. "Abie, where are you in the dark? Come over here. I want to lean on you."

"Don't cry, Mamma; don't cry," he begged. "If you want to fight with me, fight with me, but please don't cry. I can't stand it."

"Poor Mrs. Kendall was telling me that her husband comes home and works all night for you," sniffled Mrs. Bloom. "The typewriter would keep her awake, so he writes it all out with a lead pencil. Ain't it sad, Abie, to think of that poor man with that sick wife and that little boy, that nice, little boy, sitting there all night writing with a pencil?"

"With him stealing scenes, it's sad to think of him writing at all," asserted the unfeeling Mr. Bloom. "The writers' union should get after him and I should throw him off the lot."

"They'll all starve," she said, and moved closer to him. "Abie, you ain't starved anybody yet."

"I don't want to starve anybody now," protested the much-tried man; "maybe, you can tell me what I'd better say to him?"

"Ain't you talked to him yet about it?" exclaimed Mrs. Bloom in surprise.

(Continued on page 56.)



STUDIOLAND! The strange border between dreams and reality. That Yukon of the lip-stick league and languishing literati. Two miles of board fences and barbed wire with two entrances, where hard-eyed gatemen yield to magic words of the employed. Below us it lies—a diamond-shaped panorama of the famous United and R-C studios, with the one portal to United hidden beneath the trees where first base ought to be;

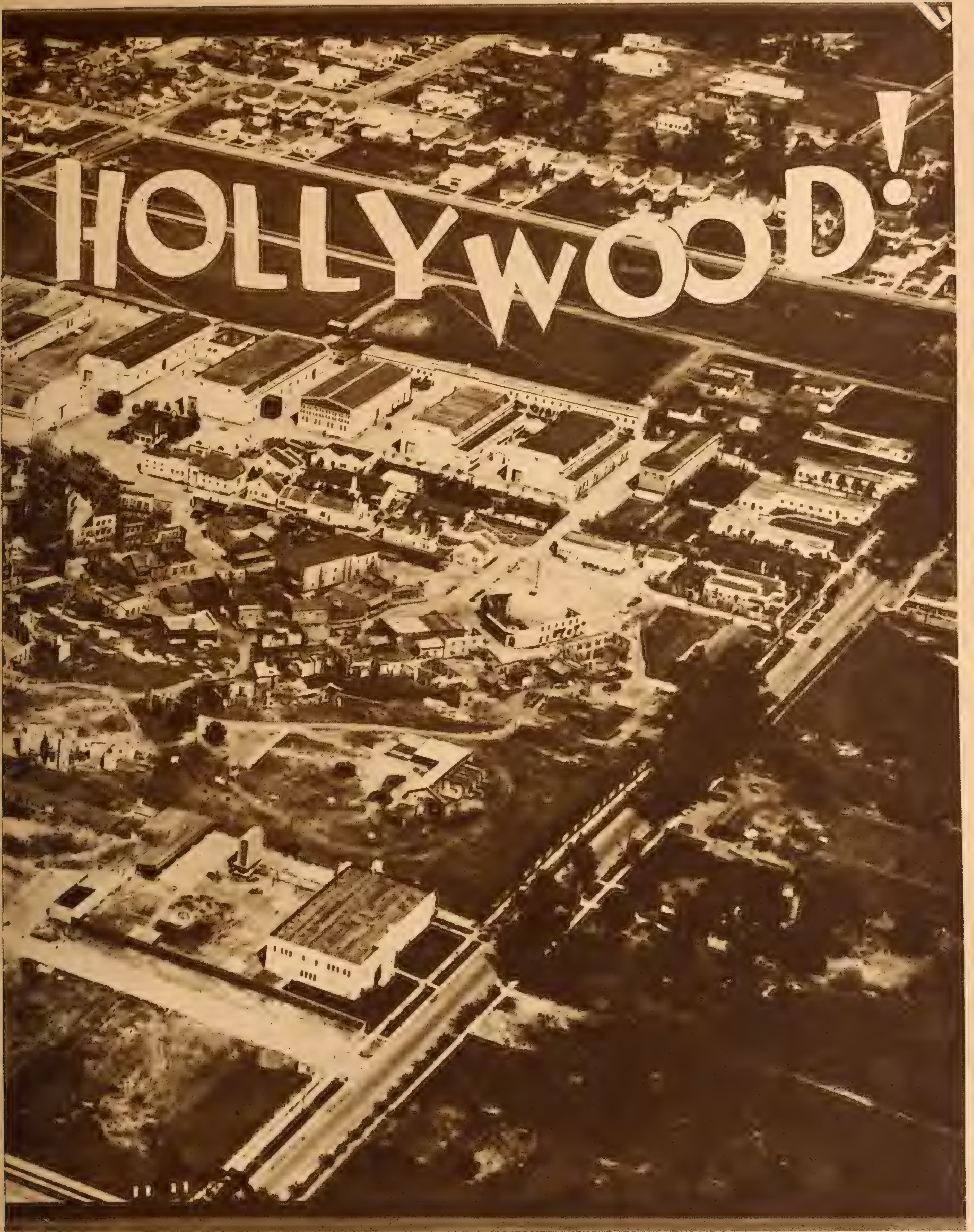


Photo by CROSS, Aerial Photographer.

and the lawn-bordered path to the R-C hall of mighty half-way down the third-base line.

The gaunt and sun-seared debris of

a thousand sets hide behind the architectural decency of stages and administration buildings; but it is in this 20-acre back lot that history of the

world has been outlined on film in pre-Wellsian days. For you can see from here, 500 feet above them, Egyptian fountains, Indian temples, Chi-

nese pagodas, mid-Victorian house-fronts, western barrooms, Downing Streets, Wall Streets, Main Streets—a conglomeration of mad disarray that faithfully has served the great American box-office and waits to serve it still.

When Tessie comes to Hollywood to break into the movies, it takes her weeks to get from the casting-office bench to the sets of this back lot. On the first day she shows her photographs to a sphinx who governs dramatic destinies from a little wicker window at the top of a flight of steps that leads from the sidewalk. Then Tessie begins her fight for recognition. Friendless—unless she chooses to be too friendly—Tessie begins the struggle toward stardom through the social stratiform of the studio.

Tessie knows that Constance Talmadge, Jackie Coogan, Ruth Roland, Owen Moore, Guy Bates Post, Elaine Hammerstein and a group of all-star companies are working on the United lot. In a month or two, if she is ambitious and persistent, stratagem may land her as extra in one of their pictures for a day or a week.

At the R-C gate, she hopes that Harry Carey, the Carter de Havens, Ethel Clayton, Helen Jerome Eddy, Frankie Lee, Jane Novak, Gloria Joy or one of several other stars or troupes are about to begin a new picture. Movie companies, the extra soon learns, are often "between productions." Too many between will mean trouble for Tessie—one-meal days, darned heels and insinuating postscripts scrawled on the rent bill.

THIS studio group is one of the largest in Hollywood—which means, of course, in the world. Miles of the best photoplays are produced here every year. Think of the thousands of thrilling feet that are cranked on that crooked little street in the center. It is easy to guess why the street is zig-zagged, isn't it? So three or four companies may work on it at the same time. Some day, when a cameraman squints through his finder in the background of a Kaffir village missionary barbecue that comes to your theatre, you will understand. Some careless producer has built a straight street on his back lot.

The gravel driveways that squirm in erratic cycloids in the upper left of the picture would be ideal lovers' lanes, except that they are not a part

of the studios. That is a cemetery. It is never used in pictures. Professional superstition forbids the use of graveyards for atmosphere—even in comedies.

For big, broad sweeps of landscape, which are required in so many photoplays, companies leave the lots and go on location—shore, mountains or desert. There is a heart-rending story about a director who took his cast out on the desert last month for "western stuff." Next day a telegram reached the studio manager.

"Taking next train home," the telegram read; "we have better western atmosphere on the back lot!"

SINCE quality in a dramatic production is habitually judged by the amount of money it costs, many directors believe that the farther they travel for atmosphere, the better the picture. Some of them have a contempt for the accustomed habitats of the tripod. In the old days (1910-15) a Sennett troupe would start shooting at one end of an alley and when they reached the other end would have a finished Keystone comedy. Now, the better the director, the longer his location trips.

But it is disrespectful to talk about impolite things like comedy when visiting United and R-C, the abode of serious drama. Yet, on this spacious back lot we find a species of that strange creature to which still clings his old comedy name—the gag man.

The gag man hangs around the set, all day, every day. He knows more than the director and sometimes drops hints of this sort in the form of ideas and suggestions. The director either ignores or ridicules them, and the next day makes re-takes to contain them.

"Every laugh is worth a thousand bucks," is a saying on the comedy lots. In serious drama, a good situation or improved development of a situation ("building it up" is studio parlance for the trick) is worth even more. So, you see, the gag man is a paying investment. Besides, enough of them keep down the grass in the back lot.

THAT cluster of cottages in the right part of the diamond is mostly stars' dressing rooms. Mary Pickford, until recently, occupied one of them. (Now, as you know, Mary and Doug have a fine new studio of their own.) These little studio cottages

are surrounded by luxuriant gardens and the labyrinthine play-streets that squeeze among them bewilder the visiting stranger.

We almost forgot to mention that the United Studio has a publicity manager. No ethical movie organization is complete without a publicity manager. The star has a personal publicity representative; then there is a company publicity man; more writers are hired by the releasing concern. Then, on top of it all, here at United, the studio itself has its own personal publicity representative. We don't remember whether the publicity representative has a publicity representative, or not.

At R-C and United, there are enough publicity men, of various sorts, to completely fill, three deep and tamped in, that fine big laboratory in the lower right of our view. But they are seldom captivated in such elegant quarters. The publicity man usually occupies a small alcove or a dusty lair close by the production manager's office. To function, all he needs is a typewriter and a desk with two drawers—one for copy paper, the other for clinking entertainment equipment. It is the asserted custom—at some studios here and there—to stupefy visiting interviewers with hospitality—when it can be had. Then, when the interviewer starts away, walking sidewise and talking backward, he has become convinced (and correctly so) that he has seen fully three stars.

NOTICE the artistic young building with an acre of lawn in front. It is the main thinking laboratory of the R-C units. It also holds the company dining-room.

It is a delightful custom at this place to entertain guests at mealtime with executives, stars, players—just like one of them. The atmosphere is appealing and homey and the next time you come to Hollywood just drop in at noon and see your favorite ham and eggs.

But let us not tarry aloft until we have drained the gas tank. This journey over the United-R-C spawn-beds of screen drama is now at an end. If we get back to the flying field safely, we will take another trip next month. Where shall it be? Mack Sennett's? All right—next month we will look over the birthplace of custard pie comedy and cast our shadows on its hallowed ground.

Home, James.

SECRETS of the Stars!

By PATRICK TARSNEY

¶ These "easy to remember" anecdotes of screen actresses comprise the second of a compelling series about the private lives of film celebrities. Next month, Patrick Tarsney will tell some secrets about authors; then directors.

¶ Florence Vidor first entered Los Angeles in a Ford, which she and her husband, King Vidor, had driven across the desert from Texas. In those days, the Ford and the family shotgun were all the earthly treasures of the beautiful Florence. She sold the shotgun to buy food, then became an extra in the movies.

DO YOU KNOW that Griffin avenue in Los Angeles is named in honor of Bebe Daniels' grandfather? Well, it is. This grandfather was an engineer who not only laid out a large part of Los Angeles, but who also went to South America and laid out a large part of Colombia as well. He married one of the most beautiful women in that southern republic. Talk about heredity. I have seen a portrait of Bebe's grandmother, made in the days of her youth, and it looks exactly like a portrait of the alluring Bebe.

Do you know that it was through Griffin avenue that Florence Vidor, who, like Bebe, was born in Texas, first entered Los Angeles in a Ford which she and her husband had driven across the desert and that in those days the Ford and the husband and the family shotgun comprised all of the earthly treasures of the beautiful Florence? And that she sold the shotgun to buy food? That was before she became an extra and rode into recognition in the tumbril in which Bill Farnum rode to the guillotine in *A Tale of Two Cities*.

Do you know that Betty Blythe, of whom we saw so much in *The Queen of Sheba*, is a graduate of the University of Southern California, and that she wouldn't be in pictures if she had not gone broke while studying

for grand opera? And do you know that Betty Compson was once a nursemaid and sees no reason why she should be ashamed of the fact?

The moving pictures have certainly been good to the girls.

THERE'S Ann Forrest, for instance—Ann of the honeycomb hair and the husky voice. A few years ago she was getting five dollars a day on the old Triangle lot and giving her sister a musical education with her spare change. Lately she was received in audience by the King of Denmark, yes, sir, by the same king that received Dr. Cook.

Her road to success was rougher than that which was traveled by Doris May, whose mother, a friend of C. B. De Mille and Mrs. De Mille, found it easy to get Doris a job understudying Mary Pickford in *The Little American*.

There were plenty of rocks in Mary's road. Neither her mother, who ran a rooming house in Toronto, where Mary went on the stage at the age of nine, or her father, who was a purser on a boat on the Great Lakes, knew any influential producers. It was hard pickings for little Gladys Smith. But her mother, who is a steam engine in skirts, found a way, and now Mary, of whom Burns might have written his "To see her is to love her," is not only the world's most celebrated actress, but is a darn good business woman as well. Some more heredity.



Portrait by MELBOURNE SPURR.

EILEEN PERCY, who, although she has not been a star as long as Mary Pickford, has blonde hair that is almost as pretty, was a Follies girl, while June Elvidge, before she became a star, was in a Winter Garden show. Flora Finch, who makes those awful faces in comedy, learned acting in the company of Ben Greet, whose idol, Shakespeare, would probably roll over in his grave in the quiet church at Stratford-on-Avon if he knew. Joseph Jefferson, the finest comedian this country has ever known, was Daisy Robinson's tutor and De Wolf Hopper, America's tallest comedian, taught Marguerite Clark how to laugh even in a musical comedy and how to cry without the help of glycerine or the ammonia bottle.

Priscilla Dean was carried on the stage when she was a baby, as was Claire MacDowell, whose tempestuous father, Melbourne MacDowell, used to support Fanny Davenport. Mary Miles Minter is a stage baby, but, unlike the Misses Dean and MacDowell, she refuses to grow up. She used to be Juliet Shelby and her greatest stage success was in *The Littlest Rebel*.

MAE MARSH was in short dresses when she first attracted the attention of D. W. Griffith. She had come to the studio to watch her older sister work, and off the set was giving a little performance of her own when the hawk eye of the director fell upon her. Helen Ferguson was a

little older when she played hookey during examination week in the school she was attending in Chicago and went on as an extra at the old Essanay studio. Mary Thurman and Lois Wilson, who were school teachers, would never have approved of that, although what some of Mary's pupils would have thought of Mary had they seen her in the bathing costumes in which she broke in at the Sennett studio would probably have squared the account.

Wanda Hawley was a concert pianist, and if Dagmar Godowsky can't play the piano its her own fault, because her father, Leopold Godowsky, is one of the finest pianists in the wide, wide world. Alice Lake was a dancer and so was Mae Murray, although it was as the Nell Brinkley girl in the Follies that Mae first stepped into the limelight. They did not want her in the show, but she dressed as a Brinkley girl, presented herself at the theatre and looked so well that they had to take her.

Marion Davies was in the Follies, and so was Martha Mansfield, and so was Kay Laurell, and so was Jacqueline Logan. Mary MacLaren was in the Winter Garden chorus, and her sister, Katherine MacDonald, was an artist's model. Virginia Brown Faire and Gertrude Olmstead might have been. They had the qualifications, each of them having won beauty contests. Gloria Swanson was a bathing girl and so was Mabel Normand. It was easy for Mabel, for she had been a professional swimmer and an artist's model as well.

BUT there was nothing like that in the Binney family. Constance and Faire were educated in finishing schools and Constance completed her education in France and went on the stage under the management of Winthrop Ames, who is one of the few theatrical managers that has a Harvard education.

Lila Lee was on the stage, but the manager who was her Christopher Columbus never sang *Fair Harvard*. He was Gus Edwards and he used to sing songs like *Are You Sincere?* He put Lila Lee on the vaudeville stage under the name *Cuddles*. Kathleen Clifford was in vaudeville at the same time, wearing boy's clothes and wearing them very well. But neither of them was a headliner at the age of four, and that is what Ruth Roland was. She used to be billed as *Baby Ruth*.

Blanche Sweet was in Gertrude Hoffman's vaudeville act and Mae Busch had a vaudeville act of her own. She used to sing ballads, which is something that Justine Johnstone

could not do. Justine's genius was in her feet instead of her throat. She ran a dance club in New York.

TEXAS GUINAN was not always a wild and woolly two-gun woman in westerns. She used to sing and dance in musical comedy. She was born in Texas, but the state was not named after her. Helene Chadwick was born in Chadwick, N. Y., a town which was named after her grandfather, whose silk mills are still there. She used to pose for Harrison Fisher. She got into pictures because a producer liked her pictures. Patsy Ruth Miller got in because a director liked Patsy. She was on the beach at Ocean Park, when this director told her he could use her in a Doraldina picture. It was fortunate for her that she was doing her swimming at Ocean Park, California, instead of at Ocean Park, New Jersey, for in the latter resort the bathing suits are censored and Patsy's talents would have been buried.

Irene Rich was the wife of an



¶ *Betty Compson was once a nursemaid and she sees no reason why she should be ashamed of the fact.*

officer in the United States Army, and so was Agnes Ayres. Different officers, of course. Carmel Myers is the daughter of the late Rabbi Meyers of Los Angeles. Until Carmel was married her mother always went to the studio with her.

Edna Purviance did not want to go to a studio at all. She was studying stenography in San Francisco when G. M. Anderson, better known as *Broncho Billy*, saw her and persuaded her to ask Charlie Chaplin for a job. She did not want the job. She wanted it so little that even after she got it and they told her that she was good she cried. Now she's a member in good standing of the polo set.

Pauline Frederick was a chorus girl and so was Elsie Ferguson. From the chorus they rose to the dignity of speaking parts on the stage and then rose higher to the realms of screen stardom, where they don't have to speak at all. Enid Bennett was on the stage in Australia, which is where she met Fred Niblo, who is now her husband.

LEATRICE JOY was a schoolgirl in New Orleans before she went into pictures, and so was Mary Alden, but before going into pictures Mary Alden was also a sob sister on a New York newspaper. She was not only a sob sister, but a cartoonist and a dramatic critic before she became the leading woman in the first five reeler that D. W. Griffith ever made. Who now remembers *The Battle of the Sexes*.

Clara Kimball Young is the daughter of Edward Kimball, who has been on the stage all his life. She went on early, as did Lillian Gish. In the Flugrath family there are three actresses instead of two. Ever hear of the Flugraths? Viola Dana is one of them, Shirley Mason is another and Edna Flugrath is the third. Viola is the sister that had the most success on the stage. She played in *The Poor Little Rich Girl*.

Rubye de Remer was in musical comedy, which probably accounts for the final letter in the good old name Ruby. Za Su Pitts sounds like a musical comedy name, but is not. It is the comedienne's real name. She had it in Parsons, Kansas, where she was born, and in Santa Cruz, California, where she lived before she went into pictures at Universal City. She knew nothing about salaries and when they asked her how much she wanted she said she thought fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents a week would be about right. She had figured out that it would cost that much to live. She was right, but, as they say in Parsons, "What with the war and everything," her expenses increased and it was not long before she had to have five hundred dollars a week. She got it. But not at Universal. She became a star.

ANITA STEWART was a high school girl in Chicago and played first in *The Goddess*, which picture was being run for the benefit of a newspaper. The prestige that followed made it easy for her to get a real job. But May McAvoy, having no prestige, had plenty of troubles.

It was at the mature age of twelve that May McAvoy, then living in New York, decided that some day she would be a film star. Nobody wanted her then and nobody wanted her for some time afterward. She got her first chance with a commercial film, which was made to advertise sugar. In this film was a close-up of May's sweet face peering from a barrel of sweet sugar. She borrowed the film and tramped around the studios exhibiting it, until somebody had sense enough to see that she might be able to act without the barrel.

MAY ALLISON did not have to lug her production around with her. She exhibited her dazzling blond beauty as *Beauty* in *Everywoman*, a spectacle that ran for a year at the old Herald Square Theatre in New York. The producers came to see her. She did not have to go to see them. Even after she started she had easier going than May. She played good parts at once, while the persistent daughter of the McAvoy's had to content herself with playing the stars' sisters. She played fourteen in a row before she had some other girl playing her sister.

But Alla Nazimova had hard luck that beats that. She was born in Odessa and when she came to this country to appear at the Yiddish Theatre in New York she knew no English. She learned English and played in it. Then she found she could do better in pictures, and now all the English she learned is a dead loss so far as the screen is concerned. Now she earns more money in a week than she used to earn in a year. How much could she have earned if she had not taken all that time from her acting to learn a language she does not have to use?

But then Mildred Harris probably learned a lot in school that she's never been able to use in pictures. Probably. And Marjorie Daw is another school girl who became a moving-picture actress. Geraldine Farrar gave her her start.

Mary McIvor, now the wife of Bill Desmond, the western star, is another. She went direct from the Hollywood High School into pictures.

MARIE PREVOST was a bathing girl whom nothing could dismay and now that she is starring in society dramas she enters ballrooms with no more uneasiness than she used to jump into tanks. Madge Bellamy, who would be a delectable bathing girl, has no bathing suits in her past. There aren't many beaches in Texas where she comes from and where her father was a college professor. Madge used to be on the stage, but it was not until she went into pictures that her father and mother left Texas and came to live in Los Angeles.

Girls who are anxious to go into pictures could do worse than to provide themselves with mothers who are theatrical costumers. Katherine Lewis took this precaution. Her mother runs in Hollywood a shop where she sells and rents costumes to actresses. Katherine, who in all probability gets a family discount, arrays herself like the lilies and is seldom without a job.

ALICE BRADY is another girl who has been fortunate in her parents. Her father is William A. Brady, the theatrical manager. When his daughter completed her education in a convent in New Jersey she went to Boston and studied for grand opera. She sang and danced in *The Balkan Princess*, which was opera of the light rather than the grand variety, and then went into pictures.

Yet Louise Lovely has done pretty well without having family influence. Her real name is Louise Carbasse and her mother ran a boarding house in Sydney, Australia. Louise went on the stage when she was a youngster. It was while playing at Pantages' vaudeville theatre in Los Angeles that she went out to Universal City and got herself a job as leading woman for Digby Bell. She then became a star with the Bluebird productions. The Bluebird for happiness. Mrs. Carbasse was so happy that she crossed the Pacific to see her daughter at work.

Juanita Hansen worked in a millinery shop in Los Angeles before she went into pictures, and Doris Pawn was educated in a business college. Pearl White, who was born in Missouri, told a theatrical manager that she knew she would be a good actress. He asked her to prove it. She recited Hamlet's soliloquy. He gave her a job, but he never again asked her to recite the soliloquy. Gladys Walton was a schoolgirl who got into pictures without having to recite anything. Mary Philbin got in by winning a beauty contest and so also did Corliss Palmer.

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN did not have to win any contests. Her grandfather was the celebrated operatic impresario, builder and cigar maker, Oscar Hammerstein, and her father was also a theatrical man. Ruth Stonehouse was a professional dancer and Colleen Moore intended to become a professional musician. She had enrolled in a school of music in New York, when in Chicago she met D. W. Griffith, who convinced her that she should become an actress. But Ormi Hawley did not meet anybody that told the same thing to her until after she had been graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music. Then she listened to them and went into dramatic stock, which was the school in which Dorothy Dalton got her training. Olive Tell went to a dramatic school in New York, where one of her classmates was Douglas MacLean.

Norma Talmadge did not go to any dramatic school. She did not go to any school very long, for she was only

(Continued on page 63)



¶ A glimpse of the Chaplin Studio, Hollywood, where Charlie has transplanted the architecture of his homeland.

MY Trip ABROAD—

Charlie Chaplin's Own Remarkable Story

THE hotel next day is teeming with activity. My secretaries are immersed in mail and, despite the assistance of six girls whom they have added temporarily to our forces, the mailbags are piling up and keeping ahead of us.

In a fit of generosity or ennui or something, I pitch in and help. It seems to be the most interesting thing I have attempted on the trip. Why didn't I think of it sooner? Here is drama. Here is life in abundance. Each letter I read brings forth new settings, new characters, new problems. I find myself picking out many letters asking for charity. I lay these aside.

I have made up my mind to go to France immediately.

I call Carl Robinson. I tell him that we are going to France, to Paris, at once. Carl is not surprised. He had been with me for a long time. We decide that we tell nobody and perhaps we can escape ceremonies. We will keep the apartment at the Ritz and keep the stenographers working, so that callers will think that we are hiding about London somewhere.

We are going to leave on Sunday and our plans are perfected in rapid-fire order. We plunge about in a terrible rush as we try to arrange everything at the last minute without giving the appearance of arranging anything.

AND in spite of everything, there is a mob at the station to see us off and autograph books are thrown at me from all sides. I sign for as many as I can and upon the others I bestow my "prop" grin. Wonder if I look like "Doug" when I do this?

We meet the skipper. What does

PARIS! *Something vibrant—the tempo of life is faster. The springs in its mechanism are wound taut. This is the comedian's impression as his ship approached Calais. He was fleeing from London "to rest." But a crowded dock awaited him—waving hats, kisses, cheers. "Twice I was kissed, but I was afraid to look around to see who did it," Charles has written, in this attractive installment of his exciting memoirs.*

one ask skippers? Oh, yes, how does it look for crossing? As I ask, I cast my weather eye out into the channel and it looks decidedly rough to me.

But the skipper's "just a bit choppy" disarms me.

I am eager to get on the boat, and the first person I meet is Baron Long,

owner of a hotel in San Diego. Good heavens, can't I ever get away from Hollywood? I am glad to see him, but not now. He is very clever, however. He senses the situation, smiles quick "hellos," and then makes himself scarce. In fact, I think he wanted to get away himself. Maybe he was as anxious for a holiday as I.

I AM approached on the boat by two very charming girls. They want my autograph. Ah, this is nice. I never enjoyed writing my name more.

How I wish that I had learned French. I feel hopelessly sunk, because after about three sentences in French I am a total loss as far as conversation is concerned. One girl promises to give me a French lesson. This promises to be a pleasant trip.

I am told that in France they call me Charlot. We are by this time strolling about the boat and bowing every other minute. It is getting rough and I find myself saying I rather like it that way. Liar.

She is speaking. I smile. She smiles. She is talking in French. I am getting about every eighth word. I can't seem to concentrate. French is so difficult. Maybe it's the boat.

I am dying rapidly. I feel like a dead weight on her arm. I can almost feel myself get pale as I try to say

something, anything. I am weak and perspiring. I blurt out, "I beg pardon," and then I rush off to my cabin and lie down. Oh, why did I leave England? Something smells, horrible. I look up. My head is near a new pigskin bag. Yes, that's it, that awful leathery smell. But I have company. Robinson is in the cabin with me and we are matching ailments.

Thus we spent the trip from Dover to Calais and I was as glad to get to the French coast as the Kaiser would have been had he kept that dinner engagement in Paris.

Nearing France, I am almost forgetting my sickness. There is something in the atmosphere. Something vibrant. The tempo of life is faster. The springs in its mechanism are wound taut. I feel as if I would like to take it apart and look at those springs.

I am met by the chief of police, which surprised me, because I was confident that I had been canny enough to make a getaway this time. But no. The boat enters the quay and I see the dock crowded with people. Some treachery. Hats are waving, kisses are being thrown and there are cheers. Cheers that I can only get through the expression, because they are in French and I am notoriously deficient in that language.

"**VIVE LE CHARLOT!**" "Bravo, Charlot!" I am "Charloted" all over the place. Strange, this foreign tongue. Wonder why a universal language isn't practicable? They are crowding about me, asking for autographs. Or at least I think they are, because they are pushing books in my face, though for the life of me I can't make out a word of their chatter. But I smile, God bless that old "prop" grin, because they seem to like it.

Twice I was kissed. I was afraid to look around to see who did it, because I knew I was in France. And you must give me the benefit of the doubt. I am hoping that both kisses came from pretty girls, though I do think that at least one of those girls should shave.

They examine my signature closely. They seem puzzled. I look. It is spelled right. Oh, I see! They expected "Charlot." And I write some more with "Charlot."

I am being bundled along to a funny little French train. It seems like a toy. But I am enjoying the difference. Everything is all changed. The new money, the new language, the new faces, the new architecture—it's a grown-up three-ring circus to me. The crowd gives a concerted cheer as the train pulls out and a few

intrepid ones run alongside until distanced by steam and steel.

It has started to rain as we arrive in Paris, which adds to my state of excitement, and a reportorial avalanche falls upon me. I am about overcome. How did reporters know I was coming? The crowd outside the station is almost as large as the one in London.

I am still feeling the effects of my seasickness. I am not equal to speaking nor answering questions. We go to the customs house and one journalist, finding us, suggests and points another way out. I am sick. I must disappoint the crowd, and I leap into a taxi and am driven to Claridge's hotel.

"**OUT** of the frying pan." Here are more reporters. And they speak nothing but French. The hubbub is awful. We talk to each other. We shout at each other. We talk slowly. We spell. We do everything to make Frenchmen understand English and Englishmen understand French, but it is no use. One of them manages to ask me what I think of Paris.

I answer that I never saw so many Frenchmen in my life. I am looking forward eagerly to meeting Cami, the famous French cartoonist. We have been corresponding for several years, he sending me many drawings and I sending him still photos from pictures. We had built up quite a friendship and I have been looking forward to a meeting. I see him.

He is coming to me and we are both smiling broadly as we open our arms to each other.

"Cami!"

"Charlot!"

Our greeting is most effusive. And then something goes wrong. He is talking in French, a blue streak with the rapidity of a machine gun. I can feel my smile fading into blankness. Then I get an inspiration. I start talking in English just as rapidly. Then we both talk at once. It's the old story of the irresistible force and the immovable body. We get nowhere.

Then I try talking slowly, extremely slow.

"Do—you—understand?"

It means nothing. We both realize at the same time what a hopeless thing our interview is. We are sad a bit, then we smile at the absurdity of it. He is still Cami and I am still Charlot, so we grin and have a good time anyhow.

He stays to dinner, which is a hectic meal, for through it all I am tasting this Paris, this Paris that is waiting for me. We go out and to the Folies Bergere. Paris does not seem as light as I expected it to be.

And the Folies Bergere seems shabbier. I remember having played here once myself with a pantomime act. How grand it looked then. Rather antiquated now. Somehow it saddened me, this bit of memory that was chased up before me.

Next day there is a luncheon with Dudley Field Malone and Waldo Frank. It is a brisk and vivacious meal, except when it is broken up by a visit from the American newspaper correspondents.

"Mr. Chaplin, why did you come to Europe?"

"Are you going to Russia?"

"Did you call on Shaw?"

They must have cabled over a set of questions. I went all over the catechism for them and managed to keep the "prop" grin at work. I wouldn't let them spoil Paris for me.

We escaped after a bit and back at the hotel I notice an air of formality creeping into the atmosphere as I hear voices in the parlor of my suite. Then my secretary comes in and announces that a very important personage is calling and would speak with me.

He enters, an attractive looking gentleman and he speaks English.

"Mr. Chaplin, that I am to you talk of greetings from the heart of the people of France, that you make laugh. Cannot you forego to make showing of yourself with charity sometime for devastated France? On it behalf, I say to you——"

I tell him that I will take it up later.

He smiles, "Ah, you are boozy."

"Oh, no, I haven't had a drink for several days," I hasten to inform him. "I am busy and want to get to bed early tonight."

But Malone butts in with, "Oh, yes, he's very boozy."

And I get a bit indignant until Malone tells me that the Frenchman means "busy."

THEN I am told that there is one young journalist still waiting who has been here all day, refusing to go until I have seen him. And I tell them to bring him in. He comes in smiling in triumph.

And he can't speak English.

After his hours of waiting we cannot talk.

I feel rather sorry for him and we do our best. Finally, with the aid of about every one in the hotel he manages to ask:

"Do you like France?"

"Yes," I answer.

He is satisfied.

That evening I go with a party of Dudley Field Malone's to the Palais Royale in the Montmartre district. This is a novelty. Different. Seems several steps ahead of America. And

it has atmosphere, something entirely its own, that you feel so much more than the tangible things about you.

There is a woman wearing a monocle. A simple touch, but how it changes. The fashions here proclaim themselves even without comparison and expert opinion. The music is simple, exotic, neurotic. Its simplicity demands attention. It reaches inside you instead of affecting your feet.

They are dancing a tango. It is entertainment just to watch them. The pauses in the music, its dreamy cadences, its insinuation, its suggestiveness, its whining, almost monotonous swing. It is tropical yet, this Paris. And I realize that Paris is at a high pitch. Paris has not yet had relief from the cloddy numbness brought on with the war. I wonder will relief come easily or will there be a conflagration.

I meet Douglas, the correspondent. We recall our first meeting in the kitchen of Christine's in Greenwich Village.

It is soon noised about that I am here and our table takes on the atmosphere of a reception. What a medley!

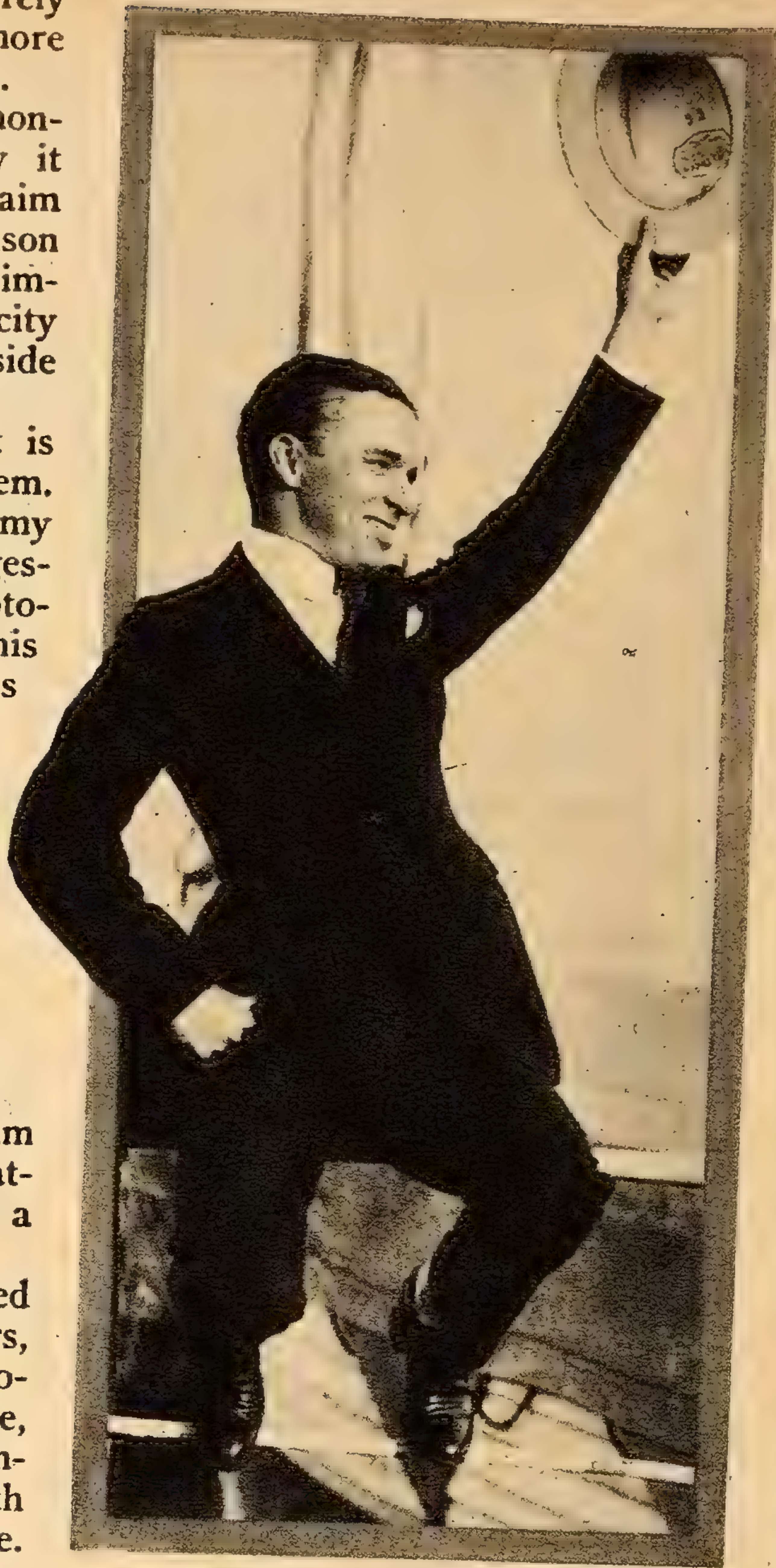
Strangely garbed artists, long-haired poets, news sheet and flower vendors, sightseers, students, children and cottes. Presently came Miss Iris Tree, the poet, her lovely golden hair gleaming in the tavern light, and she with the air and figure of a medieval page.

It is good to see her again and we fix up a bit of a party and get into Dudley's petrol wagon, and as we bowl along we sing songs, ancient songs of the music halls, "After the Ball," "The Man That Broke the Bank of Monte Carlo," and many another which I had not thought of in years. Presently the wagon becomes balky and will not continue. So we all pile out and into a tavern near by, where we call for wine.

And Dudley played upon the tinpan-sounding piano. There came one, a tall, strange, pale youth, who asked if we would like to go to the haunt of the Agile Rabbit. Thence uphill and into a cavernous place. When the patron came the youth ordered wine for us. Somehow I think he sensed the fact that I wanted to remain incognito.

THE patron was such a perfect host. Ancient and white-bearded, he served us with a finesse that was pure artistry. Then at his command one named Rene Chedecal, with a sad, haunted face, played upon the violin.

That little house sheltered music that night. He played, as if from his soul, a message yearning, passionate,



¶ "Hello France!" Charlie sees the crowded docks.

sad, gay, and we were speechless before the emotional beauty and mystery of it.

I was overcome. I wanted to express my appreciation, but could do no more than grasp his hand. Genius breeds in strange places and humble.

And then the bearded one sang a song that, he said, the followers of Lafayette had sung before they left France for America. And all of us joined in the chorus, singing "Après de ma blonde" lustily.

Then a young chap did two songs from Verlaine, and a poet with considerable skill recited from his own poems. How effective for the creator of a thought to interpret it. And afterward the violin player gave us another selection of great beauty, one of his own compositions.

Then the old patron asked me to put my name in his ledger, which contained many names of both humble and famous. I drew a picture of my hat, cane and boots, which is my favorite autograph. I wrote, "I would sooner be a gypsy than a movie man," and signed my name.

Home in the petrol wagon, which by this time had become manageable again. An evening of rareness. Beauty, excitement, sadness and contact with human, lovable personalities.

Waldo Frank called the next day, bringing with him Jacques Copeau, one of the foremost dramatists and actors in France, who manages and directs in his own theatre. We go to the circus together and I never saw so many sad-faced clowns. We dine together and late that night I have supper with Copeau's company in a cafe in the Latin quarter. It is a gay evening, lasting until about three in the morning.

WALDO FRANK and I sit on a bench in the Champ Elysee and watch the wagons going to market in the early morning. Paris seems most beautiful to me just at this time.

What a city! What is the force that has made it what it is? Could any one conceive such a creation, such a land of continuous gayety? It is a masterpiece among cities, the last word in pleasure. Yet I feel that something has happened to it, something that they are trying to cover by heightened plunges into song and laughter.

We stroll along the boulevard and it is growing light. I am recognized and we are being followed. We are passing a church. There is an old woman asleep on the steps. But she does not seem worn and haggard. There is almost a smile on her face as she sleeps. She typifies Paris to me. Hides her poverty behind a smile.

Sir Philip Sassoon, who is the confidential secretary to Lloyd George, calls the next day, and with him Georges Carpentier, the pugilistic idol of France, and we are photographed many times, the three of us, together and separately.

I am quite surprised that Sir Philip is such a young man. I had pictured the secretary of Lloyd George as rather a dignified and aged person. He makes an appointment for me to dine with Lord and Lady Rock-Savage the next day. Lady Rock-Savage is his sister.

I also lunch with them the next day, and then to a very fashionable modiste's for some shopping. This is my first offense of this sort. I meet Lady Astor, who is shopping there also.

It was quite a treat for me, watching the models in this huge, elaborate institution that was really a palace in appointments. In fact, it greatly resembled the palace at Versailles.

I felt very meek when tall, suave creatures strolled out and swept past me, some imperious, some contemptuous. It was a studied air, but they

did it well. I wonder what effect it has on the girl's mind as she parades herself before the high-born ladies and gentlemen.

But I catch the imperfection in their schooling. It is very amusing to watch them strut about until their display is made and then, their stunt done, slouch back into the dressing-rooms sans carriage and manner.

And then, too, I am discovered. This also caused a break in the spell of their queenly stroll. They are laughing and at the same time trying to maintain the dignity due the gowns they are wearing. They become self-conscious and the effect is ludicrous. I am demoralizing the institution, so we get away. I would like to talk to some of the models, but it can't be done very well.

From there we go to a candy store, where I lay in a supply of chocolates and preserved fruits for my trip into Germany the next day. I am invited by Sir Philip to visit him at his country home in Lympne, Kent, on my return from Germany.

THE train to Germany left so late in the evening that it was impossible for me to see devastated France, even though we passed through a considerable portion of it. Our compartment on the train is very stuffy and smelly and the train service is atrocious, food and sanitary conditions being intolerable after American train service.

Again there is a crowd at the station to see me off, but I am rather enjoying it. A beautiful French girl presents me with a bouquet of flowers with a cute little speech, or at least I suppose it was, because she looked very cute delivering it, and the pouts that the language gave to her red lips were most provocative. She tells me in delicious broken English that I look tired and sad and I find myself yielding without a struggle to her suggestion.

We arrive at Joumont near the Belgian frontier along about midnight, and like a message from home, there is a gang of American soldier boys at the station to greet me. And they are not alone, for French, Belgian and British troops are also waving and cheering. I wanted to talk to the Belgians, and we tried it, but it was no use. What a pity.

But one of them had a happy inspiration and saved the day.

"Glass of beer, Charlot?"

I nod, smiling. And to my surprise they bring me beer, which I lift to my lips for politeness, and then drink it to the last drop in pure pleasure. It is very good beer.

There is a group of charming little Belgian girls. They are smiling at me

shyly and I so want to say something to them. But I can't. Ah, the bouquet! Each little girl gets a rose and they are delighted.

"Merci, Merci, Monsieur." And they keep "merciing" and bowing until the train pulls out of the station, which emboldens them to join the soldiers in a cheer.

Through an opening between the railroad structures I see a brilliant lighting display. It is universal, this sign. Here is a movie in this tiny village. What a wonderful medium to reach such an obscure town.

On the train I am being told that my pictures have not played in Germany, hence I am practically unknown there. This rather pleases me, because I feel that I can relax and be away from crowds.

Every one on the train is nice and there is no trouble. Conductors struggle with English for my benefit and the custom officers make but little trouble. In fact, we cross the border at 3 in the morning and I am asleep. Next morning I find a note from the customs man saying: "Good luck, Charlie. You were sleeping so soundly that I did not have the heart to wake you for inspection."

Germany is beautiful. Germany belies the war. There are people crowding the fields, tilling the soil, working feverishly all the time as our train rushes through. Men, women and children are all at work. They are facing their problem and rebuilding. A great people preverted for and by a few.

The different style of architecture here is interesting. Factories are being built everywhere. Surely, this isn't conquered territory. I do not see much live stock in the fields. This seems strange.

A dining car has been put on the train and the waiter comes to our compartment to let us know that we may eat. Here is novelty. A seven-course dinner, with wine, soup, meat, vegetables, salad, dessert, coffee and bread for 28 cents. This is made possible by the low rate of exchange.

WE go to the Adlon Hotel in Berlin and find that hostelry jammed owing to the auto races, which are being run off at this time. A different atmosphere here. It seems hard for me to relax and get the normal reaction to meeting people. They don't know me here. I have never been heard of. It interests me and I believe I resent it just a bit.

I notice how abrupt and polite the Germans are to foreigners and I detect a tinge of bitterness, too. I am wondering about my pictures making

their debut here. I question the power of my personality without its background of reputation.

I am feeling more restful under this disinterested treatment, but somehow I wish that my pictures had been shown here. The people at the hotel are very courteous. They have been told that I am the "white-headed boy and quite the guy in my home town." Their reactions are amusing. I am not very impressive looking and they are finding it hard to believe.

There is quite a crowd in the lobby and a number of American and English. They are not long in finding me, and a number of English, French and American reporters start making a fuss over me. The Germans just stand and look on bewildered.

Carl von Weigand comes forward with the offer of the use of his office while I am here. The Germans are impressed with all this, but they show no enthusiasm. I am accepted in an offhand way as some one of importance and they let it go at that.

The Scala Theatre, where I spent the evening, is most interesting, though I think a bit antiquated when compared to English and American theatrical progress along the same lines. It seats about 5,000, mostly on one floor, with a very small balcony. It is of the variety, music hall type, showing mostly "dumb" acts—acts that do not talk or sing, like comic jugglers, acrobats and dancers.

I am amused by a German comedian singing a song of about twenty verses, but the audience is enthused and voices its approval at every verse. During the intermission we have frankfurters and beer, which are served in the theatre. I notice the crowds. They go to the theatre there as a family. It is just that type of an affair.

I notice the different types of beauty, though beauty is not very much in evidence here. Here and there are a few pretty girls, but not many. It is interesting to watch the people strolling during the intermission, drinking lager and eating all sorts of food.

LEAVING the theatre, we visit the Scala Cafe, a sort of impressionistic casino. The Scala is one of the largest cafes in Berlin, where the modernist style of architecture has been carried out fully.

The walls are deep mottled sea green, shading into light verdigris and emerald, leaning outward at an angle, thereby producing an effect of collapse and forward motion. The junction of the walls and the ceiling is broken into irregular slabs of

stone, like the strata of a cave. Behind these the lights are hidden, the whole system of illumination being based on reflection.

The immense dislocation of the planes and angles of the vault-like ceiling is focused on the central point, the huge silver star or crystal bursting like an exploding bomb through the roof. The whole effect is weird, almost ominous. The shape of the room in its ground plan is itself irregular—the impression is that of a frozen catastrophe. Yet this feeling seems to be in accord with the mood of revelers in Germany today.

From there to the Palais Heinroth, the most expensive place in Berlin and the high spot of night life. It is conspicuous in its brilliance, because Berlin as a city is so badly lighted. At night the streets are dark and gloomy, and it is then that one gets the effect of war and defeat.

At the Heinroth everybody was in evening dress. We weren't. My appearance did not cause any excitement. We check our hats and coats and ask for a table. The manager shrugs his shoulders. There is one in the back, a most obscure part of the room. This brings home forcibly the absence of my reputation. It nettled me. Well, I wanted rest. This was it.

We are about to accept humbly the isolated table when I hear a shriek and I am slapped on the back and there's a yell:

"Charlie!"

It is Al Kaufman of the Lasky corporation and manager of the Famous Players studio in Berlin.

"Come over to our table. Pola Negri wants to meet you."

AGAIN I come into my own. The Germans look on wondering. I have created attention at last. I discover that there is an American jazz band in the place. In the middle of a number they stop playing and shout:

"Hooray for Charlie Chaplin!"

The proprietor shrugs his shoulders and the band resumes playing. I learn that the musicians are former American doughboys. I feel rather pleased that I have impressed the Germans in the place.

In our party were Rita Kaufman, wife of Al; Pola Negri, Carl Robinson and myself.

Pola Negri is really beautiful. She

is Polish and really true to the type. Beautiful jet-black hair, white even teeth and wonderful coloring. I think it such a pity that such coloring does not register on the screen.

She is the center of attraction here. I am introduced. What a voice she has! Her mouth speaks so prettily the German language. Her voice has a soft, mellow quality, with charming inflections. Offered a drink, she clicks my glass and offers her only English words, "Jazz boy, Charlie."

Language again stumps me. What a pity! But with the aid of a third party we get along famously. Kaufman whispers:

"Charlie, you've made a hit. She just told me that you are charming."

"You tell her that she's the loveliest thing I've seen in Europe."

These compliments keep up for some time and then I ask Kaufman how to say "I think you are divine" in German. He tells me something



"Jazz-Boy Charlie." That is all the English Pola Negri could speak. But they understood each other.

in German and I repeat it to her.

She's startled and looks up and slaps my hand. "Naughty boy," she says. The table roars. I sense that I have been double crossed by Kaufman. What have I said? But Pola joins in the joke, and there is no casualty. I learn later that I have said, "I think you are terrible." I decided to go home and learn German.

As I am going out the proprietor approaches and very formally addresses me. "I beg pardon, sir. I understand that you are a great man in the United States. Accept my apologies for not knowing, and the gates here are always open to you." I accepted them formally, though through it all I feel very comic opera. I didn't like the proprietor.

I WANT to go through the German slums. I mention such a trip to a German newspaper man. I am told that I am just like every Londoner and New Yorker who comes to Berlin for the first time; that I want the Whitechapel district, the Bowery of Berlin, and that there is no such district. Once upon a time there were hovels in Berlin, but they have long since disappeared.

This to me is a real step toward civilization.

My newspaper friend tells me that he will give me the next best thing to the slums, and we go to Krogel. What a picture could be made here! I am fascinated as I wander through houses mounted on shaky stilts and courts ancient but cleanly.

Then we drove to Acker street and gazed into courts and basements. In a cafe we talked to men and women and drank beer. I almost launched a new war when, wishing to pay a charge of 180 marks, I pulled from my pocket a roll of fifty 1,000-mark notes.

My friend paid the check quickly with small change and hustled me out, telling me of the hard faces and criminal types who were watching. He's probably right, but I love those poor, humble people.

We drove to the arbor colonies in the northern part of the city, stopping at some of the arbors to talk to the people. I feel that I would like to eat dinner here among these people, but I haven't sufficient courage to persuade my

companion, who wouldn't think of it. Passing through the northern part of Berlin, I found many beauties, which, my friend let me know, were not considered beautiful at all.

He even suggested that he show me something in contrast with all I had seen. I told him no, that it would spoil my whole viewpoint.

It has been rather a restful experience, going through the whole town without being recognized, but even as I am thinking it a fashionable lady and her young daughter pass, and by their smiles I know that I am again discovered.

And then we meet Fritz Kreisler and his wife, who are just leaving for Munich. We have quite a chat and then make tentative engagements to be carried out in Los Angeles on his next trip there.

I notice that the Germans seem to be scrupulously honest, or maybe

(Continued on page 48.)

Confessions of a STAR Interviewer

By ANOTHER ONE OF THEM

RUTH HALE, the writer (whose husband is Heywood Broun, also a writer whose name appears from time to time in various periodicals), tells a story about two actresses who, once upon a time, were in the chorus together, but who later rose or were lifted to much more conspicuous places in the spoken drama. One of them became a culture addict and her airs began at last to irk her less pretentious comrade. One day the two were sitting at tea. The heavy affectations of the one, which deceived those who did not know her so well as did her friend, became too much for the friend, who finally turned upon her and inquired:

"Dearie, ain't you ever common no more?"

Some of our movie queens, even some of the kings, yea, even some of the two-spots, would be better off if they had friends equally as frank. They have forgotten the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Maybe they don't want to be kin to the whole world, but even if they have withdrawn themselves to the upper levels they should not let too many people know about it. For the moving-picture business is one sphere in which he or she who has the swelled head will sooner or later get the bump from which there is no returning.

ONE reason that Mabel Normand is never without a defender is that she is not only willing but anxious to say and do nice things for others. Notice I didn't say "for everybody"? Mabel is not that much of a humanitarian. She has a few very choice enemies, but so has everybody else who has enough strength of character to have made any friends. Mabel is against those enemies and for her friends. And she has the right slant on some of the egomaniacs.

I was interviewing her once when she suddenly stopped talking about the mental basis of comedy, which was the topic under discussion at the time,

and called my attention to another woman star who had just entered the restaurant in which we were sitting.

"She and I were extras together once," she said, "and, believe it or not, after she got a job as leading woman she began to upstage me. Oh, yes, indeed.

"She didn't hurt my feelings any, but I hated to see her make such a monkey of herself.

"So one day when we met in a roomful of people and she pulled this high-brow air and drawl on me, all I said to her was:

"You don't seem to remember me very well, do you? Well, can't you remember when you and I were bathing girls together and you used to borrow my shirt?"

"Maybe it wasn't a nice thing to say, but it woke her up. No, it wasn't original with me. I got it from Mae Busch. It's the line that Mae has used to puncture many a balloon."

I DON'T know how many interviews I have done with Mabel Normand, and I don't know how many I have done with Polly Frederick (nobody who knows her would dream of calling her Pauline), but I do know that until now I've never set down the most interesting thing that either of them ever told me. And that is that both of them swore, and when I say swore I mean swore, that if I ever wrote anything about how much they did for other people they never would speak to me again!

You see, I had heard in this quarter and in that stories of their kindness, not only financial kindness, but personal, helping hand kindness to any

number of the boys and girls who needed help. I figured that it might be a good idea to do a Lady Bountiful interview with them, with either of them or both, but there was nothing doing. Yet I have read interviews with other stars who lightly dropped hints of princely benefactions of one kind and another and interviews with other stars who did not drop the hints, but sat down and wrote out the names and the amounts. And if I had added all those amounts together they would not have equaled the sums of money that Mabel and Polly have thrown upon the waters.

Polly cried once because I wouldn't let her buy me a \$100 hat and Mabel



"Mary Miles Minter was asleep and the servant that admitted me would not awaken her. I waited one hour and a half, but after her mother came in the room she brought down Mary in a hurry."

tried to make me take a diamond ring. Some day when I'm hungry I may regret that I didn't let Polly give me a restaurant. She did give one, or rather the money with which to start one, to a fine young chap in whose business career she became interested.

Petrova gave me a book of poems once. She would have given me a dozen had I let her. She has plenty more. She wrote them herself. But much as I have enjoyed the poems since, I have liked none of them better than I liked one line that she spoke to me on the afternoon when she handed me the volume.

It was back in the days when everybody around the studio had to call her "Madame," back when she had a carpet laid for her from her dressing room to the set, back in the days when as a poseur she could give Nazimova half a block start and beat her a block.

"Madame," breathed I respectfully, "do you find that your work is adequate compensation for the labor you put into it or do you sometimes sigh for the footlights again?"

She of the most wonderful figure that ever has been in pictures looked at me keenly for the shadow of a second.

"Suppose we don't bunk ourselves?" she asked. "Don't you think there's enough bunk in this business as it is?"

I thought there was. I said what I thought and we've been real friends ever since.

Petrova never was remarkable for her excessive consideration of others, but she was such a shrewd business woman that she never permitted her disregard for those others to interfere with her determination to enlist the interest of people that she needed. She never snubbed anybody who could be of the least possible use to her, and when she wanted to be friendly she could be very friendly. Even people who thought that her thoughtfulness where they were concerned was the result of calculation rather than of impulse had to admit that she was thoughtful when she wanted to be.

MARY MILES MINTER could learn a lot of Petrova.

Once at considerable inconvenience to myself I went out to the Minter establishment in Beverly Hills to

interview the young lady. I had talked to her on the telephone the day before and she herself had set the hour. I was at the house at the time when she had said that it would be best to be there and there I sat for one hour and a half.

She was asleep.

The servant that admitted me would not call her and it was not until after her mother came into the room that I got a chance to communicate with the star. Mary does what her mother tells her to do and as her mother, like most mothers whose daughters have been on the stage, has a fair idea of the value of publicity, she brought Mary down in a hurry, but my point is that Mary should have kept the engagement herself.

If the former chorus girl of Ruth Hale's story ever asked Mary Miles Minter: "Dearie, ain't you ever com-

moving-picture star ever got. Naturally enough, she likes her own handiwork and Mary likes it, and if the parties of the other part, the producers who, under the contract, pay Mary a great deal of money, are not quite so infatuated with the terms of the agreement their lack of enthusiasm does not prevent them from handing Mary the checks as they become due.

This interviewing life would be a great life if they were all as nice as May Allison. She does not let the interviewer do all the work. She has ideas and knows the English language well enough to be able to express them, and she is so genuinely interested in people that to sit and talk to her or listen to her is a delight.

She told me how proud she was of her husband when he told the servants that they had to stop calling his wife "Miss Allison" and begin to call her "Mrs. Ellis."

"He's a regular man," she said.

She knows that a moving-picture star can't get any farther without publicity than a fish can without water, and even if she had not found this out for herself her husband could have told her, for before he became a leading man and a director he was a newspaper reporter in New York. Yet another star whose husband also was a reporter does not seem to have learned the secret.

Mae Marsh has about her own importance ideas that are not shared by everybody. I know they are not shared by me. Mind, I don't say that she is not a clever actress. There are few women—or men either—who could have been with Griffith as long as she was and not have learned something, but what I mean is that she is not quite so overwhelmingly wonderful that she should put on airs.

I happened to be on the set one Sunday when she was working in a scene with Eulalia Jensen and several others. Neither the director nor Miss Jensen nor any of the others wanted to be there any more than Miss Marsh did, but to hear her complain, I thought that she regarded this shooting on Sunday as a hardship aimed directly at her. She kept saying:

"But I don't feel this scene. If Mr. Griffith were directing me and
(Continued on page 62)



"I realized the greatest ambition of my life when I became Douglas Fairbanks' leading woman, was all that Marguerite DeLa Motte would say. She seemed to have forgotten nearly everything else that she knew."

mon?" she would still be waiting for the answer. Mary Miles Minter would not remain in the same room with such terrible talk. Her sister is a much more human person and the mother is a treat. Mrs. Shelby has to her credit the negotiation for Mary of one of the best contracts that any

The PICTURE of the Month

BLOOD
& Sand

---Paramount

If you have never seen a motion picture or if you have wished to never see another, we recommend this page to your attention each month.

RECOMMENDING a photoplay to persons who seldom attend a picture theatre, whose tastes are uncloyed by the muck of the average production, carries greater responsibilities than making the picture. Because mistakes of an author or director are forgiven if followed by a triumph; but a weather-vane that points north when the wind comes from the south will forever after find its reliability doubted when the wind blows from the south. In these terms, *Blood and Sand* can be compared to big pictures of past months: it is not a howling hurricane but a spanking thirty-mile breeze.

The biggest thing in favor of it is that it came from the same author as *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* (V. Blasco Ibanez); the next most pleasing fact is that it is not a happy-ending, kiss-and-fadeout film. Although worshippers of the great Ro-

dolf Valentino may not croon with delight at the tragic climax, it can be safely recommended for non-playgoers to cut their movie teeth on.

The billboards will inform you of breathless scenes of bullring encounters. You will not be disappointed in these scenes. They are vivid. A real arena (Mexico City), earnest beasts and Valentino actually functioning as a *matador* before a huge, cheering gallery provides color and novelty. This is the setting in which the author has thrust an obscure Spanish youth with a gift for bull-fighting, who becomes intoxicated by sudden fortune and the plaudits of sycophants and is drawn to ruin and death by a destructive passion.

Juan Gallardo (Valentino), the daring *matador*, takes a modest bride in the dawn of his fame. In the full glare of his career he is consumed by a tragic infatuation for a queenly en-

amorada. In learning the torture of loving two women, he will delight all modernists when he pleads:

"*Mi querida!* You do not understand that in a man's life there is sometimes a good love and a bad love!"

The modernist will not find so much consolation in certain aphorisms that appear in sub-titles. For instance:

"Impure love, like a flame, burns out and leaves nothing but embers of disgust and regret."

"Woman was created to bring happiness to man. Instead, she destroyed the tranquility of the world."

Through the ages, the inhumanity of man has produced misery and tragedy. So the theme of the story is aimed at the cruelty of the arena. And the inhumanity of man bows to Divine decree when Gallardo, destroyed in the bull-ring, dies in the arms of his forgiving bride.

Little HINTS for LAYGOERS



FOR RENT—HAUNTED—Pathé
MOTHERS with movie-mad offspring may well throw up their hats in glee at the advent of another producer in the field of domestic comedies. Johnny Jones, in his juvenile two-reelers, which mingle heart-interest with smiles, fills a long-felt want. You can safely park the kids at the movies when one of his pictures is on the bill. This first one is a demi-tasse heart-document, with its childhood appeal that reaches grown-ups and children alike. An impossible little story—but it pulls the strings around the good old pumper.

(Below)—

ONE CLEAR CALL—First National

THE old skeleton of the Klu Klux Klan is dragged from its closet in this latest John M. Stahl opus. But with such splendid work by Milton Sills and Henry B. Walthall we are inclined to forgive the rattling of its bones. Milton Sills even goes so far as to reveal that he can ACT—a thing we hadn't suspected before. For his feminine adornment, Mr. Stahl apparently made one clear call on the casting department—Claire Windsor, Irene Rich, Doris Pawn and Shannon Day. Quite an acceptable eyeful!



(Above)—

GOLF—Vitagraph

IF you are a little off your game, Larry Semon can show you some of the boundless (as well as bounding) possibilities of the gutta percha pill. Two reels of good gags and a pretty leading woman (Lucille Carlisle) make comedy of the good, old, tried and proven variety.



(Left)—

ROSE O' THE SEA—Mayer-First National
ANITA STEWART must have rejoiced when the fade-out came—we did. A Countess Somebody wrote the story. Having seen it, we welcome all the high school writers. Anita is so good an actress that it is a shame to waste her talents on inferior material as they have been wasted the past year. This melodrama is even terrible as a farce.

(Right)—

THE BONDED WOMAN—Paramount
BETTY COMPSON, with the aid of two good leading men—Richard Dix and John Bowers—does her best with an inadequate yarn, concerning the sea, that dribbles away to nothing. The attempt in the subtitles to effect deep, blue vernacular is positively painful, even to a landlubber. Some good fight action and a few convincing water scenes help salvage it all.



(Below)—

THE DICTATOR
WALLIE REID, in a role that fits him as if Richard Harding Davis had made it to order for him—a rich man's son with a head of his own. Walter Long, champion screen villain, is a figure you will remember in a comedy part. Being Richard Harding Davis, of course it's a tale of bon vivas and banana revolutions. This is a movie almost anybody will like.

**SONNY**—First National

MOTHER MACHREE again, but from a new angle. This mother gets an imitation son who poses as her own boy—but that doesn't interfere with the spotlight's halo. The war scenes, while old stuff, are well handled and the naturalness of Richard Barthelmess makes one accept the sentimental flashes as incidental to a good picture. And while we're handing the conventional bouquet to Pauline Garon, the flapper, let's present a whole garden to Patterson Dial, the rather plain girl whose sincere portrayals are gems worth watching for in all the Barthelmess plays.



NICE PEOPLE—Wm. deMille Special

THE peccadillos of the idle rich: flasks, flappers and fashion, when done by a deMille, are always entertaining. This picture is no exception. But it would have helped had not Wallace Reid been dragged in to depict an impossible—for him—characterization. The screen Wallie is certainly not the type to reform fast young daughters of the rich. The usual profligate deMille array of popular players greet you in various guises. "Nice People," of course, means that they aren't.



THE PRIMITIVE LOVER—First National.
GIVE Constance Talmadge about six changes of wardrobe—including slippers and hosiery—and she can't help scintillating. Here she is her usual spontaneous self and as long as Connie is around who cares if they have given her a plot with a beard? The picture has moments of exquisite satire. With his strong-right he-arm, Harrison Ford tames a very modern and exceedingly lovely shrew and seems to get so little pleasure out of his job that all the boys will want to take it away from him. But we wouldn't advise anybody to try his methods in everyday life. Girls aren't tamed so easily nowadays!



THE TOP OF NEW YORK—Paramount

THE appearance of likelihood, so necessary to command serious interest in serious drama, is remote in this to the point of invisibility. May MacAvoy deserves something better than a synthetic story. A predatory department store owner, a lady-killing floorwalker, a rich artist with a motherless child—alas, we know them too well. But you should see the California bungalow on the top of a New York tenement—that, at least, is something different.



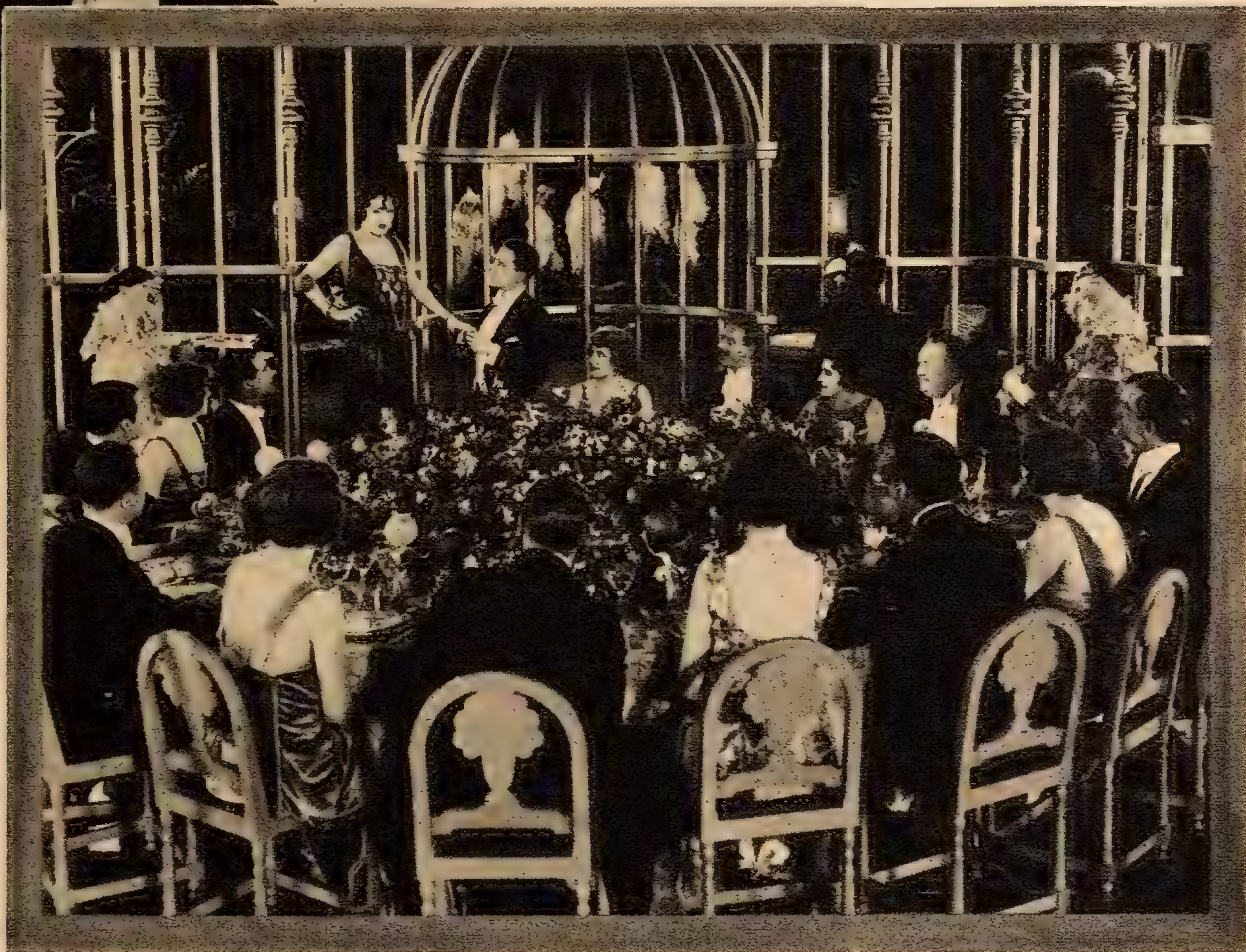
THE HALF BREED—First National

ON a Figure-Eight plot this scenic railway invades Mexico with many a jump and dip. Hold onto your hat and you may get a kick out of the chill-con-carne actors. Very exciting—if you can believe it. Mary Anderson is the paprikapippin and Wheeler Oakman is the gentleman-who-fights. Plenty of pep—but it leaves you wondering what it was all about.



IF YOU BELIEVE IT, IT'S SO—Para-
mount

A plausible, well-knit, wholesome story with Thomas Melghan cast in a role similar to his hit in "The Miracle Man." You can expect picturesque things of a reformed crook, especially when he is in love with an earnest country maid, such as Pauline Starke. Clear-cut characterizations, in sultable harmony to their environment, abound in this picture. Joseph Dowling, Theodore Roberts and Clarence Burton are especially picturesque. The sure strokes of some studio O. Henry are apparent in the presentation, too.



THE GILDED CAGE—Para-
mount

HERE is a feeble myth that reveals its destination in the first reel. Splendorous sets, beautiful costumes and Gloria Swanson rescue it from the impossible. Which is just exactly what those elements are supposed to do. A shapely girl in tights, tumbling from a trapeze into a bed of feathers concealed on a banquet board, substitutes for dramatic interest. Great stuff for tired business men—and their daughters who pattern after the exotic Gloria's costumes.



THE CROSSROADS OF NEW
YORK—First National

EMERGING from his robes of clown, Mack Sennett has produced here a crashing melodrama-burlesque. If in instances it crashes too much and the tempo breaks, who cares? With the cast apparently registering let-the-chips-fall-where-they-may, we have no cause for complaint. It is good entertainment. George O'Hara is the boy who, despite bearing upon his shoulders the hardships and tribulations gathered from Ye Hero's melodramatic past, keeps to the straight and narrow, with Kathryn McGuire acting prettily as his com-
pass.



WHILE SATAN SLEEPS—Paramount

IF they keep on handing Jack Holt two-fisted, high-proof westerns as good as this Peter B. Kyne one, Bill Hart will wake up some morning and find himself on a shelf beside the dodo bird. There isn't much estheticism in the average Kyne story and none in this; but it is crowded with action and hairy-chested drama, smoothly cast and presented. The Pick and Drill saloon scenes are as nearly convincing as censorship allows. A saloon is a useful thing in a movie because the comparative degree of villainy can be so easily established by the number of drinks the bad ones take.

BORDERLAND—Paramount

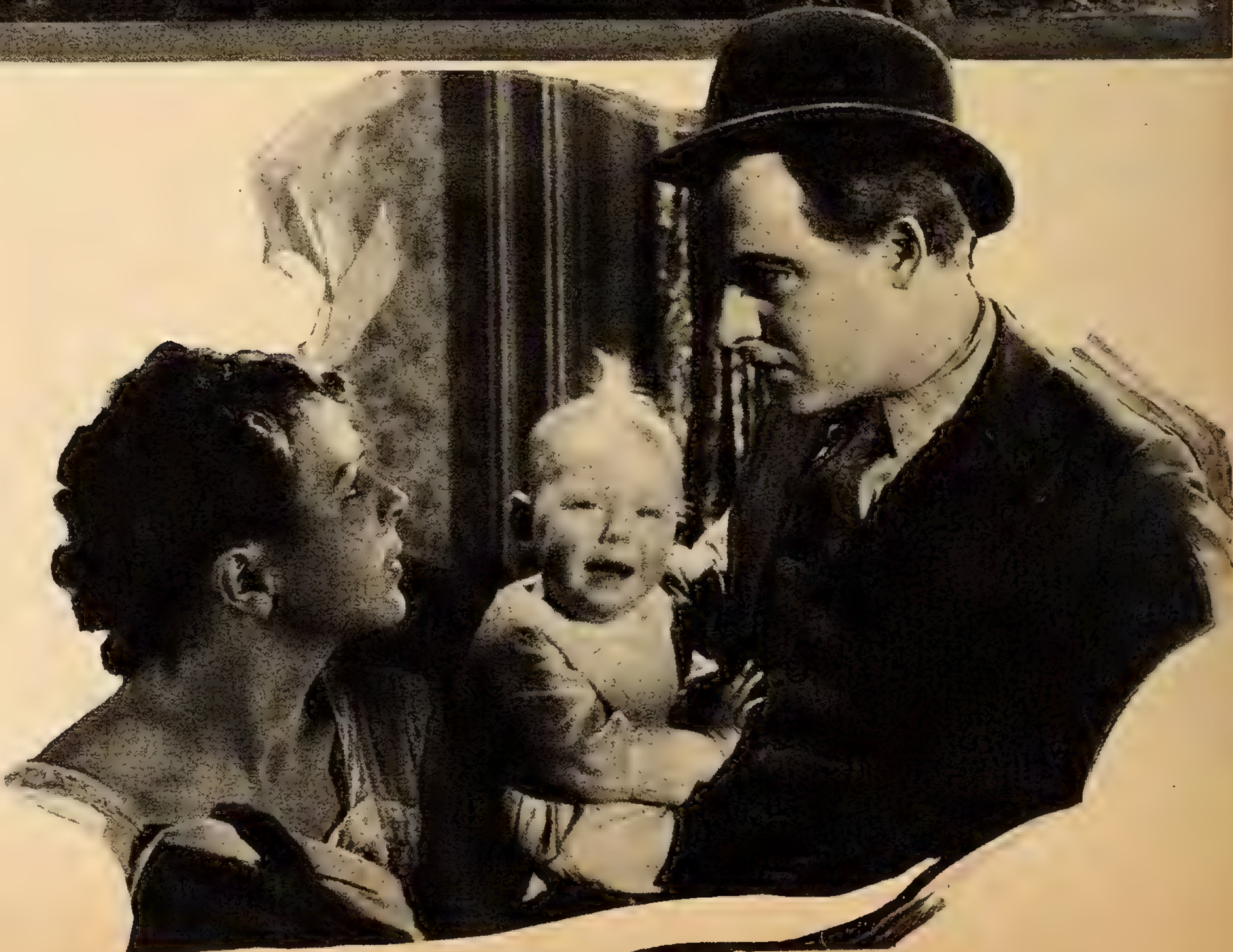
ALTHOUGH it isn't in the "don't miss it" class, this is better than the recent average of plays in which Agnes Ayres has appeared. The star plays a dual role and occupies practically every scene — creditably enough.

Playgoers with firmly planted theological beliefs may resent the elemental and very dull conception of a hereafter which is the background of this rather somber offering. But moralists may find it sound. The temptations that beset a young and attractive wife, uncongenially wed, supply the theme. The moral, of course, is to stick to the old guy. How deliciously antique!



BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN—Goldwyn

PETER B. KYNE'S prescription for perfect marital bliss, "Treat 'em rough and tell 'em nothing," furnishes six reels of chuckles, with enough of truth underlying the comedy to make the picture worth while. "Brothers Under the Skin" is the sort of picture that sends the audience out with a reminiscent grin, forgetful for a while that rent day is impending and the coal not in. Pat O'Malley and Norman Kerry as the henpecked husbands who finally regain their wives' love and respect by taking a lesson from the cave man, give excellent characterizations. Helen Chadwick as the slangy, extravagant wife of a shipping clerk has more chance to register than has Claire Windsor as the general manager's equally extravagant bride. Mae Busch is extremely vampish as the apartment house pest, the predatory divorcee.



In this concluding installment is solved the mystery of—

The Love PIRATE

A Story by the STARS

CHAPTER NINE.

The Tide of Battle.

THE deck of the *Stingaree*, the little yacht that lay at anchor close to the *Wasp*, seemed to be swarming with men engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle. To the astonished gaze of Truesdale there appeared to be a score of them, wrestling, striking at one another fiercely or rolling on the deck in combat. Twice he heard the crack of revolvers and as he rushed down to the shore, he saw two or three men in the water, swimming desperately toward the *Wasp*.

And as he reached the water's edge, where he gained a closer view of the amazing spectacle, he was startled to discern Vera Shelby and Eleanor Francis on the deck of the *Wasp*, clinging to one another in obvious terror. A cackling laugh close beside him startled the actor as he stared. He had forgotten old Goff, who was crouched on the sand, pointing off at the battle on the *Stingaree*.

"Old Goff did that," he said. "They didn't count on me—he, he! I stole the boat for the big man and showed him where they were! Old Goff knows what he's doing! He, he! See 'em fight!"

"Why, it's Grattan—and Lee—and the rest of the boys!" Truesdale shouted as he suddenly made out the members of his own organization among the struggling men on the yacht. "How can I get out there? I want to help! Is there another boat?"

The old fellow cocked his head on one side as though considering whether he should trust Truesdale with a secret. Then he nodded and began to move stealthily across the sands in a half-crouching position, beckoning to the actor to follow him.

Truesdale took one more look seaward. The swimmers had reached the side of the *Wasp* and were beginning

By the time the gentle reader has proceeded thus far in this veracious chronicle of pulse-quickenings events, it will undoubtedly be apparent that it is much simpler to tie knots in a plot than it is to unravel one. When I launched this movie mystery there seemed to be comparatively plain sailing ahead to port in the final chapter. But the unsuspected literary talents of my distinguished collaborators (Betty Compson, Thomas Meighan and Eddie Sutherland) have gummed the compass, so to speak, and now I will have to steer by the stars—that is, I am obliged to handle a bunch of "extras" they have added to the cast and gather up loose ends they have tossed around haphazard. Well, it might be worse.

FRANK X. FINNEGAN.

to climb aboard. Did their coming mean new dangers for the two terrified girls on the deck or were they members of the motion picture outfit, escaping from the desperadoes on the *Stingaree*? The question leaped to the front of Truesdale's mind, bringing an agony of doubt; but he had no way of deciding it, and he turned to hasten after the strange, half-witted creature who had thus far served him so well.

OLD GOFF led the way along shore to where a rocky promontory formed a little cove as its base threw a protecting arm about an opening in the shore line. The old man disappeared from sight around this bend and Truesdale, following in his footsteps a few moments later, discovered him tugging at a dugout canoe, fashioned from a log, which had been beached well above the tide line.

"Old Goff has a boat," he chuckled as the actor lent him a vigorous hand in getting the frail craft down toward the water. "They don't know it—but I'll get even with Gonsalves. I'll take you out to the fight."

Fortunately the sea was quiet and they had no difficulty in launching the dugout. Each seized a paddle and vigorous thrusts carried them beyond the line of swells and out toward the *Stingaree*. As they approached, Truesdale was quick to observe that the situation aboard Gonsalves' yacht had wholly changed. The battle appeared to be over and, to his delight, it was evident that the motion picture people were the victors.

Up forward he saw four or five men in a group, standing with upraised hands and thoroughly cowed by several armed men, the leader of whom he made out to be Captain Hansen. Amidships Grattan stood, revolver in hand, in front of Gonsalves while two men dexterously bound the arms of that swashbuckler.

Glancing at the *Wasp*, twenty feet astern, Truesdale saw that the three swimmers were aboard, and as Vera and Eleanor had joined them in watching the proceedings on the other yacht it was evident that all was well there—they were members of the picture company.

The old man brought the little canoe alongside the *Stingaree* and held it fast while Truesdale clambered aboard. So engrossed had the company on the deck been with their own matters that none of them had given him more than a glance until then. But as he climbed over the rail and approached Grattan, the swarthy prisoner glowering before the director's revolver started in new anger.

"Aha! He is here—the great hero!" he exclaimed, glaring at Truesdale. "Ask him! Ask him is it not truth I tell you that he was to be the hero of this great adventure! Ask Captain Hansen what this hero told him in

the ship chandler's at San Pedro before you sailed!"

Truesdale stopped in confusion, glancing from the irate Gonsalves to the stern face of the director.

"What is this Truesdale?" Grattan demanded. "This man says you proposed some kind of a fool plot to Captain Hansen back in the city—that he was to abandon us on the island and you were to recapture the *Wasp* and pose as a hero. How about it?"

THE leading man, crimson and stammering, tried to explain. But the presence of Captain Hansen, grim-faced and level of eye, held him to the truth.

"Well, I did have a fool notion of playing a schoolboy trick when we got down here," he admitted, "but the captain wouldn't have anything to do with it."

"He wanted to be the hero in the eyes of Miss Shelby," interrupted Gonsalves. "I heard it all—he was foolish enough to talk as though they were alone. 'I pay you well,' he tells the captain, 'if you let me capture the yacht and bring you back to the island after they think you have left them to starve.' Ah, yes! He is one great hero, this pretty actor!"

"That's enough from you!" Grattan ordered curtly, and the prisoner relapsed into silence. Leaving the men of Gonsalves, outfit under guard of Tom Lee, Stevenson and several of the others of the motion picture crew, Grattan called Truesdale and Captain Hansen aside for a conference.

IN a few words the captain confirmed what Gonsalves had said and the crestfallen Truesdale admitted all the truth.

"I can see now what a fool idea it was," he said, "but of course I never dreamed things would go this far. I wanted to make a hit with Vera—that's the first and last of it. Now I'll simply leave the company—you won't want me around after this."

"We'll see about that later," Grattan said. "Evidently this fellow Gonsalves, when he overheard your fool suggestion, saw how easy it would be to abduct Vera and pull off this coup with his gang and decided to try

it. Then we played into his hands with our beach supper party and Vera's idea of staying on the island overnight. The rest was easy."

"They had no trouble in capturing the *Wasp*," Captain Hansen said. "When they came aboard we thought it was some of you fellows coming back until we looked into their guns. Then they towed the *Wasp* over here and put us all aboard their yacht, under guards."

"How did you rescue them? And who took Vera to the *Wasp*?" Truesdale eagerly inquired, looking off to where he could see the girl on the other boat.

"That old half-witted man helped us to that," Grattan returned. "He's smarter than any of us—led me and

sense in anything but turnin' 'em loose, now that we're all safe an' sound again. If this Gonsalves will agree to take his gang away on his yacht——"

"You're right," Grattan said decisively. "We have a picture to make and we have neither time nor men to guard a lot of pirates and bring them back to the mainland for trial. Besides, we wouldn't cut a very good figure at any trial," he added, with a glance at Truesdale.

"The publicity would be my finish!" the leading man exclaimed as he visualized the unwelcome headlines in the newspapers.

"I guess you've been punished enough—or you will be when Vera hears the whole story," Grattan returned. "I'll put it up to Gonsalves as though it was a favor—we'll let him go if he'll clear out of here."

And he strode over to where the swarthy prisoner was fuming and swearing at the universe in general.

CHAPTER TEN.

Under the Moon.

IT did not take Gonsalves long to decide to accept Grattan's offer and half an hour later, as the still face of the ocean was lighted by the sunset's afterglow, all the members of Grattan's company had been ferried across to the *Wasp* and Gonsalves was sailing away on the *Stingaree* with his disgruntled gang of raiders.

Vera had been informed by the director of Truesdale's connection with her startling adventures and after the first shock of indignation and resentment, she accepted Grattan's suggestion that Truesdale be forgiven and received by the company on his former standing.

"He's only a big boy," the director said, "and I'm sure the way this foolish idea of his turned out has suddenly made a man of him. He's sunk in repentance—so much so that he won't even look in your direction—and we can't afford to ruin his future by turning on him."

"That's like you, Mortimer," she replied. "You always look at things in such a big way."

"And don't forget that his idea



¶ She gazed wistfully toward the *Wasp*.
Posed by Betty Compson.

the boys down here and had two boats for us at just the right moment. He knocked the head off a fellow who was guarding Vera just as Gonsalves went aboard here—I'll tell you about it some other time. The question now is what's to be done with these birds."

"If you'll excuse me makin' the suggestion, Mr. Grattan," the captain hastily interposed, "I can't see any

was to shine in your eyes," Grattan interposed with a sly smile.

Vera laughed, but the suggestion was not lost upon her, and from that moment Truesdale was forgiven in her heart. A sudden thought aided her in changing the subject, which was becoming a shade too personal.

"What has become of the queer old man who helped you rescue me?" she queried.

Grattan gave a start of surprise. In the excitement that had accompanied the rescue of Vera, the stealthy attack on Gonsalves and his gang aboard the *Stingaree* and the battle that followed, he had wholly forgotten old Goff and the girl of mystery, Dolores, who had aided him so much in bringing about the victory.

He had left Dolores in her cave home in the hills when he set out with her father on the expedition that had resulted in the restoration of the *Wasp* and all of his company. Now that the stress and strain of the adventure was all over, he suddenly realized that he wanted to see Dolores again—that he desired to talk with her in a quieter mood.

"Old Goff!" he exclaimed in response to Vera's question. "I don't know where he went after he brought Truesdale out to the *Stingaree*. I just got a glimpse of him as he paddled up to the side."

"I saw him going back to the shore in his funny little boat," Vera observed.

"Then I must go ashore and hunt him up to thank him for all he did," the director declared. "Why, if it hadn't been for him Gonsalves would have you aboard his yacht out there on the ocean somewhere at this minute."

HE was about to turn hurriedly away, eager to start on his quest before darkness would bar him from searching for old Goff's cave, when Vera suddenly pointed landward.

"Look! There's a girl—and she's signaling to us!" she exclaimed.

Grattan turned quickly and saw Dolores at the water's edge, gazing wistfully toward the *Wasp*.

"It's Dolores!" he shouted, and before Vera Shelby had a chance to ask who the mysterious girl could be, whose existence on the island she had never heard mentioned, the director had shouted to Captain Hansen:

"Have that young lady brought

aboard at once, Captain," he ordered. "It was through her and her father that we knocked out Gonsalves and I'm afraid there's something wrong or she wouldn't be hunting us up!"

Vera joined him at the rail while two sailors were tumbling into the small boat and as they rowed away Grattan hurriedly told her the weird story of the girl and her hapless plight on the island with her demented father.

"Why, the poor girl! How ter-



Grattan turned quickly and saw Dolores at the water's edge. Posed by Thomas Meighan.

rible!" she exclaimed. "What can we do for her, Mortimer?"

"I don't know—we'll see when we get her aboard. But we must do something," he returned. "We'll be here a week longer on this picture and in that time we may be able to induce her to come back to civilization with us. It's an outrage to leave her here—with Gonsalves and his gang hanging around."

Truesdale and the other members of the company who knew nothing of the presence of Dolores on the island lined the rail and wonderingly speculated on her identity as the sailors, having helped her into the boat, rowed back to the *Wasp*. The big leading man, shamefaced and repentant over the trouble his attempt at mock-heroics had brought on the company, still kept a good distance between himself and Vera Shelby, but the others treated him quite as before the adventure.

"She's a mystery girl," Tom Lee told him in reply to his eager queries. "Lives here on the island with her father—the old fellow who rowed you out here. You'll hear all about her in a little while. Let's see what's wrong now," he added as he went to join the little group where Dolores was being taken aboard the yacht.

HER eyes were red from weeping as she took the hand that Grattan extended to help her to the deck and Vera, sensing trouble, came quickly to her side.

"What is it?" the director asked when Dolores stood beside him.

"My poor father," she murmured wearily, "he—he has passed away. The excitement, I think it was—and his heart—it just stopped as he lay on my arm."

She burst into tears and Vera, passing an arm about her shoulders, led her away from the curious group, murmuring words of sympathy as she directed her to the little cabin.

A glorious moon shone down on the *Wasp* a few hours later as it lazily rolled in the gentle swell of the little cove. Up forward a group of Grattan's company, with tinkling ukuleles, sang the old songs that moonlight and a quiet sea always bring to mind. The gleam of cigarettes and the murmur of voices came from another quarter of the deck, where half a dozen of the men yarned away the hours before bedtime. And in a se-

cluded spot, Mortimer Grattan sat talking with Dolores. Though neither realized it, they had been talking a long time.

"Well, we'll consider it all settled then," he said. "You'll be our guest while we stay here to make these scenes, Dolores, and when we go back next week, you're going with us. That's all there is to it. You can't stay here alone, you know."

"I'm—I'm afraid not," she quavered. "It's awfully good of you, Mr. Grattan, but whatever am I to do?"

"You are a member of my company right now!" he announced. "You are going into motion pictures—with your beauty and intelligence and the training you will get from—well, Miss Shelby and me—you're bound to succeed."

"Miss Shelby?" she repeated. "I wonder what she would think about it. Maybe I better talk to her"—

(Continued on Page 61)

¶ *This is the concluding installment of "the life history of a photoplay." Exploitation and distribution of films, a subject little understood by the average playgoer, are entertainingly discussed in these chapters.*

BEHIND the Camera

With
ELINOR
GLYN

By MELVIN M. RIDDLE

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER a picture is completed photographically and cut and assembled by the director, the next step is its editorial treatment.

This involves writing and inserting titles, spoken and narrative, and finishing touches in cutting. Such work is usually accomplished by the editorial department of the Paramount studio, composed of a supervisor and several title specialists. In the case of *Beyond the Rocks*, however, because of the personal interest of Madam Glyn in the various branches of the production work, the author of the novel and Director Sam Wood collaborated in the writing of the titles, submitting their suggestions to the editorial department.

Of first importance comes the main title of the picture. This often varies from the title of the original play, novel or story from which the picture is adapted, but in this case the original main title of Madam Glyn's novel was retained, as it had good screen value and fitted as well as any other suggestions which were forthcoming.

THERE has been some question, however, among those screen patrons who did not read the book, and prior to seeing the picture, as to the application of the main title to the story. Madam Glyn when questioned as the best authority on this point, quoted, by way of explanation, the following passage in the book:

"He was a fatalist. He told her (Theodora, played by Miss Swanson) what would be, would be and mortals like himself and herself were just scattered leaves, like barques floating down a current where were mostly rocks ahead.

"Then must we strike the rocks whether we wish it or not?" asked Theodora. "Cannot we help ourselves?"

"Ah, madam! For that," he said, "we can strive a little and avoid this

one and that, but if it is our fate we will crash against them in the end."

"What a sad philosophy!" said Theodora. "I would rather believe that if one does one's best, some kind angel will guide one's barque past the rocks and safely into the smooth waters of the pool beyond."

Later on in the story, Theodora writes to Hector (played by Rodolph Valentino) and in the course of her letter says: * * * "And, oh, we must not grieve! We must thank Fate for giving us this one peep into Paradise—and we must try and find the angel to steer our barques for us *beyond the rocks*."

Thus, it will be seen that the idea of the title of this novel and picture originated in the symbol employed to bring out the theme or central thought of the story, as embodied in this dialogue.

Sub-titles are very necessary to the picture. Of course, as few titles as possible are used, the idea of the picture being to convey to the audience by the actions and expressions of the characters, the story, in so far as possible. But it must not be inferred from this that titles are a drawback. A good title, in the proper place, and couched in the right kind of language, is an asset to the picture. The titles of "Beyond the Rocks" have a very important part and necessary purpose. They set the time and locale of the story, introduce and acquaint the audience with the various characters, bridge over lapses of time in the happenings of the story, and save an undue amount of film footage and possible drags in the story by explaining action which might require a great deal of film to explain in story continuity.

IN titling "Beyond the Rocks" the following procedure is adhered to: The scenario writer's guide titles, as appeared in the scenario, are photographed and inserted in the roughly assembled picture. Mr. Wood and Mrs. Glyn then looked at the picture in this form and sat in a title conference, taking each title in turn and im-

proving upon it or putting another more apropos in its place. The work of writing titles involves the greatest amount of literary skill and taste. The editorial crew then take the picture and trim it down to seven reels, or, to be exact, six thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight feet, see that the titles are exactly placed so as to blend in perfectly with the action, and polish up the picture editorially.

About seventeen hundred feet of this entire picture length are devoted to title footage. This set of titles is referred to as the "temps," of temporary titles. When these are fully approved and okeyed, the permanent titles are made, printed on illustrated black title backgrounds in white letters, photographed onto negative film, printed to positive, and inserted into the places held by the corresponding temporary titles in the picture.

In photographing the titles, about three feet of film are allowed to every five words of title. For example, if the title consists of fifteen words, the screen length of the title would be about nine feet.

In cutting spoken titles, the title begins right where the character starts to speak and when the title finishes, the character is shown just completing his speech.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

"Exploitation."

EXPLOITATION is one of the three great branches in the mechanics of the motion picture industry. Production, the first great branch, involves the making of the picture, exploitation takes in the publicizing and advertising of the picture, and distribution, the third step, concerns the rental and distribution of the picture to theatres.

All of the articles of this series thus far have been concerned with the production stages of the picture. And now we arrive at the subject of exploitation.

The exploitation of "Beyond the Rocks" is really a preliminary step in its sale and distribution and is closely related to and connected with that part of the work.

Whatever the merits of a salable product of any kind, that product will not score a success unless the market is apprised of its existence and its merits. In the case of a motion picture, the market is primarily the general public and then the exhibitors who show pictures. The purpose of the division of exploitation is to acquaint the public with the merits of the picture before it is released, by the medium of publicity and advertising.

Publicity is prepared right at the west coast Paramount studio, some of it placed with news mediums in Los Angeles and other material sent to New York, the home office of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, where it is handled and distributed all over this country and abroad, by the efficient organized efforts of the far-reaching publicity department. The advertising on the picture is also handled from the New York office, where skilled artists and advertising experts draw up the advertisements, cuts, lithographs and other advertising matter, placing the ads in some of the most highly circulated magazines of the country. The lithographs, cuts, still photographs and other matter, known as accessories, are sent on to the exchanges and are there available for exhibitors in advertising the picture when they show it on the screen in their respective cities.

PUBLICITY is that reading matter concerning the picture which is of news and feature interest and involves stories about the picture, the story, the people in the cast, incidents of unusual interest, news announcements, etc.

The studio publicity department is one of the most thoroughly organized departments in the studio. At the Paramount studio the publicity department is composed of seven writers, under the direction of Adam Hull Shirk, west coast publicity director, two skilled news and portrait photographers, and a department secretary. Affiliated with the department are also three laboratory men who print and develop still photographs, and one

negative retoucher. Linked up with the department's activities is Jerome Beatty, who holds the important position of studio representative of the sales department and works in an advisory capacity with the publicity department among his other important duties.

Four of these men, B. C. Kiesling, M. M. Riddle (the writer of this series), Alfred D. Wilkie and James M. Fidler, handle the publicity for certain pictures in production, each man taking one or two pictures and handling all publicity and photograph

like fifty stories were written. These included short news stories, magazine stories, newspaper feature stories and trade articles. About fifteen specially posed lithographs and advertising stills of Gloria Swanson and Rodolph Valentino were made and a number of off-stage pictures of the star, the director and various members of the cast. Portraits of Miss Swanson, Mr. Valentino and other important members of the cast were also taken.

As explained, some of this material was placed direct from the studio department and a large amount of it sent on to the New York home office where a large staff of experts placed it in the various mediums and sent it out over their comprehensive news lists.

CHAPTER NINETEEN.

Rental and Distribution.

DISTRIBUTION, as explained in the preceding chapter, is the third great arm of the motion picture industry. The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation maintains in the United States twenty-nine exchanges. The country is divided into districts, by population, and one or more of these key exchanges is in one or more large cities of each district. For in-

stance, the Los Angeles exchange of the organization is in District No. 9, in which district are also the San Francisco, Portland and Seattle exchanges. Over each district is a district manager. Over each separate exchange there is also a manager. This Los Angeles exchange, which we will use as a model for our discussion of the distribution of "Beyond the Rocks," has for its sales territory Southern California, all of Arizona and a part of New Mexico and Nevada.

The personnel of each exchange includes a number of film salesmen, the booker, the auditor, the accessories salesman and the exploitation agent. The latter co-operates with the individual theatre in advertising and exploiting the picture when shown at that theatre.

Five or six prints of a picture are sent from the Lasky studio laboratory to the Los Angeles exchange, as to all other exchanges. This picture has been previously viewed by executive heads of the parent organization and classified as to merit, box office value, artistic value, and a scale of rental

(Continued on Page 60)



¶ This is the way "Beyond the Rocks" was titled—Director Sam Woods and Elinor Glyn, the authoress, collaborated in writing them, submitting their work to the title department.

material for those particular pictures. W. A. Reeve, assisted by Robert I. Allen, handles the placing of publicity with local mediums, such as the daily papers, news syndicates with headquarters or branches in Los Angeles, and correspondents of magazines. All of the department's activities are under the supervision of Mr. Shirk. The photographers are Donald Biddle Keyes and Eugene Richee, who are well known in their profession by virtue of their photographic work, both news photographs and portraits.

The majority of all the personnel have had valuable newspaper or literary experience prior to their work in the publicity department.

The avenues of publicizing and advertising "Beyond the Rocks" are newspapers, "fan" or motion picture magazines, technical magazines, periodicals, etc. Most of the publicity is directed to the ultimate consumer—the screen patron. The interest of theatre owners is aroused through the medium of publicity and advertising placed in theatre trade journals.

For "Beyond the Rocks" something

MY TRIP ABROAD

(Continued from Page 34)

this was all the more noticeable to me because of the genial and unsuspicious treatment by a taxi driver. We left the cab many times and were gone as long as half an hour at a time, and out of sight, yet he always waited and never suggested that he be paid beforehand.

IN the business section we pass many cripples with embittered, sullen looks on their faces. They look as though they had paid for something which they hadn't received. We are approached by a legless soldier beggar in a faded German uniform. Here was the war's mark. These sights you will find on every side in Berlin.

I am presented with a police card to the Berliner Club, which is evidently a technicality by which the law is circumvented. Berlin is full of such night-life clubs. They are somewhat like the gatherings that prohibition has brought to America.

There are no signs, however, from the outside of any activity, and you are compelled to go up dark passages and suddenly come upon gayly lit rooms very similar to Parisian cafes.

Dancing and popping corks are the first impression as I enter. We are taken in hand by two girls and they order drinks for us. The girls are very nervous. In fact, the whole night life of this town seems to be nervous, neurotic, overdone.

The girls dance, but very badly. They do not seem to enjoy it and treat it as part of the job. They are very much interested in my friend, who seems to have the money for the party. On these occasions my secretary always carries the family roll, and they are paying much attention to him.

I sit there rather moody and quiet, though one of the girls works hard to cheer me up. I hear her asking Robinson what is the matter with me. I smile and become courteous. But, her duty done, she turns again to Robinson.

I am piqued. Where is that personality of mine? I have been told many times that I have it. But here it is convincingly shown that personality has no chance against "pursenality."

But I am beginning to get so much attention from my friends that one of the girls is noticing me. She senses that I am some one important, but she can't quite make it out.

"Who is this guy—an English diplomat?" she whispers to Robinson. He whispers back that I am a man of considerable importance in the diplomatic service. I smile benevolently and they become more interested.

I am treating her rather paternally and am feeling philosophical. I ask her about her life. What is she doing with it? What ambitions? She is a great reader, she tells me, and likes Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. But she shrugs her shoulders in an indifferent and tragic manner and says, "What does it matter about life?"

"You make it what it is," she says. "In your brain alone it exists and effort is only necessary for physical comfort." We are becoming closer friends as she tells me this.

But she must have some objective, there must be some dreams of the future still alive within her. I am very anxious to know what she really thinks.

I ask her about the defeat of Germany. She becomes discreet at once. Blames it on the kaiser. She hates war and militarism. That's all I can get out of her, and it is getting late and we must leave. Her future intrigues me, but does not seem to worry her.

On the way home we stop in at Kaufman's apartment and have quite a chat about pictures and things back in Los Angeles. Los Angeles seems very far away.

I AM invited to a formal dinner party for the next evening at the home of Herr Werthauer, one of the most prominent lawyers in all Europe and a chief of the kaiser during the war. The occasion for the dinner was to celebrate the announcement of Wert-

hauer's engagement to his third wife. has befallen me. I wonder if my clothes are all right.

His is a wonderful home in the finest section of Berlin. At the party there are a number of his personal friends—Pola Negri, Al Kaufman, Mrs. Kaufman, Robinson and myself.

There is a Russian band playing native music all through the dinner and jazz music is also being dispensed by two orchestras made up of American doughboys who have been discharged, but have stayed on in Germany.

For no reason at all, I think of the story of Rasputin. This seems the sort of house for elaborate murders. Perhaps it is the Russian music that is having this effect on me. There is a huge marble staircase whose cold austerity suggests all sorts of things designed to send chills up the spine. The servants are so impressive and the meal such a ceremony that I feel that I am in a palace. The Russian folk songs that are being dreamily whined from the strings of their peculiar instruments have a very weird effect and I find food and dinner the least interesting things here.

There is a touch of mystery, of the exotic, something so foreign though intangible, that I find myself searching everywhere and everybody, trying to delve deeper into this atmosphere.

We are all introduced, but there are too many people for me to try to remember names. There are herrs, frauleins and fraus galore, and I find it hard to keep even their sex salutations correct. Some one is making a long formal speech in German and everybody is watching him attentively.

The host arises and offers a toast to his bride-to-be. Everyone rises and drinks to their happiness. The party is very formal and I can make nothing from the talk going on all about me. The host is talking and then all get up again with their glasses. Why, I don't know, but I get up with them.

At this there is general laughter, and I wonder what calamity

(Continued on Page 50)

What's the MATTER with My STORY?

HAYSEED ITCH

By J. D., San Pierre, Ind.

CANDIDLY now, do you think you would risk a dime on seeing a picture bearing such a title? Will aspiring scenarists never learn the portentousness of titles!

The beginning is decidedly weak. Suspense is lacking and the heavy task of providing such as there is falls entirely on Joe. The introduction of other characters would materially strengthen your story.

Why not have Millie go to the farm to rest, on doctor's orders, not disclosing the fact that she is a screen star until the end, careful throughout to keep her true identity hidden from the others? You see, actresses are often misunderstood in the country; besides, she is there to completely forget the studio for the time being. Tod comes to the farm by coincidence. Thus, the love interest rises naturally and the plot isn't given away in the first scene. And, too, wouldn't it be more artistic for Joe to feel sudden remorse for the havoc he has created, and disappear? The foregoing is suggested merely to give you an idea as to how plots should be rounded out. Your scenario has possibilities but no market value in its present form. Rework it thoroughly and try for better results.

ROYALTY AND A PRICE

By G. W., San Diego, Calif.

WHAT could have made you think your story had a chance in its present form? You would like to receive the check and leave the story-making to the artists and director. It isn't done. Where are the details? Your story runs an inconsistent path and is scattered all over the place like a broken egg.

Why attempt to write about a country and race of which you obviously have no knowledge? For example, after going to much pain to describe how terribly conventional and aloof is Count Milo, you then proceed to have him "dance for the amusement of the crowd!" Fancy a European of



My Maiden Effort

My maiden effort was very, very young, for it was made when the films were but a few years old. Nor was it with artistic hopes, but for a pictorially selfish purpose.

Back in 1910 I had two little boys whose babyhood I wished to perpetuate in celluloid. So I wrote them into a story called *The Artist's Sons*. Colonel Selig bought the classic and Frank Boggs—poor Frank Boggs, whose promising career was cut short by an insane Japanese gardener—shot the reel. It was released and ran for two whole weeks at Tally's.

And so my offspring will always be able to look back upon their early boyhood and see themselves with detached but intimate interest, for Colonel Selig, sensing my purpose, very generously sent me a copy of the film for Christmas.

A short time ago Charlie Chaplin asked to see this old picture of my boys, now ready for college, but interest in the story and kids was swallowed up in the padded shoulders of Herbert Rawlinson and the elemental technic of those early days. I have no doubt but that Mr. and Mrs. George Hernandez, Fred Huntley and many others of those sprightly Selig days would be interested to see themselves at the threshold of this greatest of the arts.

As a story, *The Artist's Sons* will never place its author among the immortals, but as an heirloom he values it among his dearest possessions.

ROB WAGNER.

Screen writer and author of motion picture fiction and articles.

royal blood cutting such capers. Divorce is not observed in Italy.

Before making another attempt at scenario writing, it would be well if you studied the technique of plot construction. Also, write on subjects near to home.

HIS INNING

By L. J., New York City.

TOO much so! That's the chief drawback—he wins all the way through. Why not have Keith Gordon's play a dismal failure instead of a roaring success? The plot is entirely too conventional—another trouble, you've seen it too often yourself. Dig for something new, original, 1923 stuff. There isn't a new situation in *His Inning* and no suspense. Another thing, it is absurd that Keith can't tell Audrey that the French actress wishes to introduce him to managers. On the other hand, your characters are well drawn.

THE PRIMROSE PATH

By Miss B. P., Fort Wayne, Ind.

WE have searched your manuscript several times without being able to find the connection between the plot and the title. At last we decided that there simply wasn't any. Even if there was, it is so old and time-worn that a crutch wouldn't support it again.

There is no hope for this scenario. The plot has fringe around it and the story is one of the thinnest we have yet read. There is no suspense, because every one knows what will occur next; no novel situations; love interest that is so superficial it is merely a veneer. The heroine starts out with a flourish, bloodthirsty and full of pep, then completely collapses in the most absurd sort of manner. You give no motive for the murder of Gray, and lovely Rosamund must be an awful dud to remain in the employ of persons who so ill-treat her. Besides, such a character should be of Latin origin if she is to go on the rampage and declare a *vendetta*. You surely do not utterly lack a knowledge of human beings.

MY TRIP ABROAD

(Continued from Page 48)

THEN I understand. The host is about to toast me. He does it in very bad English, though his gestures and tone make it most graceful. He is inclined to be somewhat pedantic and whenever he cannot think of the proper English word he uses its German equivalent.

As the various courses come the toasts are many. I am always about two bites late in getting to my feet with my glass. After I have been toasted about four times, Mrs. Kaufman leans over and whispers, "You should toast back again to the host and say something nice about his bride-to-be."

I am almost gagged with the stage fright that grips me. It is the custom to toast back to the host and here I have been gulping down all kinds of toasts without a word. And he had been sitting there waiting for me.

I rise and hesitate. "Mr.——"

I feel a kick on the shins and I hear Mrs. Kaufman whisper hoarsely:

"Herr."

I think she means the bride-to-be. "Mrs.——" No she isn't that yet. Heavens, this is terrible.

I plunge in fast and furious. "My very best respects to your future wife." As I speak I look at a young girl at the head of the table who I thought was the lucky woman. I am all wrong. I sit, conscious of some horrible mistake.

He bows and thanks me. Mrs. Kaufman scowls and says, "That's not the woman. It's the one on the other side."

I have a suppressed convulsion and almost die, and as she points out the real bride-to-be I find myself laughing hysterically into my soup. Rita Kaufman is laughing with me. Thank heaven for a sense of humor.

I am so weak and nervous that I am almost tempted to leave at once. The bride-to-be is reaching for her glass to return my salute, though unless she thinks I am cross-eyed I don't see how she knows I said anything nice to her.

But she gets no chance to speak. There is launched a long-

winded pedantic speech from the host, who says that on such rare occasions as this it is customary to uncork the best in the cellar. This point gets over in great shape and everybody is smiling.

I even feel myself growing radiant. I was under the impression that the best had already been served. Didn't know he was holding back anything. With the promise of better wine I am tempted to try another toast to the bride-to-be.

The first night in Paris after our return from Germany we dined at Pioccardi's, then walked up to the arches of the old gates of Paris. Our intention was to visit the Louvre and see the statue of Venus de Milo, but it only got as far as intention.

We drifted into the Montmartre district and stopped in Le Rat Mort, one of its most famous restaurants. As it is very early in the evening, there are very few people about, one reason why I picked out this place, which later in the night becomes the center of hectic revelry.

PASSING our table is a striking-looking girl with bobbed blond hair, shadowing beautiful, delicate features of pale coloring and soft, strange eyes of a violet blue. Her passing is momentary, but she is the most striking-looking girl I have seen in Europe.

Although there are but few people here, I am soon recognized. The French are so demonstrative. They wave. "Hello, Charlot!"

I am indifferent. I smile mechanically. I am tired. I shall go to bed early. I order champagne.

The bobbed-hair one is sitting at a table near us. She interests me. But she doesn't turn so that I can see her face. She is sitting facing her friend, a dark Spanish-looking girl.

I wish she'd turn. She has a beautiful profile, but I would like to see her full face again. She looked so lovely when she passed me. I recall that ghost of a smile that hovered near her mouth, showing just a bit of beautiful, even, white teeth.

The orchestra is starting and

dancers are swinging onto the floor. The two girls rise and join the dance. I will watch closely now and perhaps get another flash at her when she whirls by.

There is something refined and distinguished about the little girl. She is different. Doesn't belong here. I am watching her very closely, though she has never once looked my way. I like this touch of the unusual in Montmartre. Still she may be just clever.

She is passing me in the dance and I get a full view of her face. One of real beauty, with a sensitive mouth, smiling at her friend and giving a complete view of the beautiful teeth. Her face is most expressive. The music stops and they sit at their table.

I notice that there is nothing on their table. They are not drinking. This is strange, here. Nor are there sandwiches or coffee. I wonder who they are. That girl is somebody. I know it.

She gets up as the orchestra plays a few strains of a plaintive Russian thing. She is singing the song. Fascinating! An artist! Why is she here? I must know her.

The song itself is plaintive, elemental, with the insinuating nuances that are vital to Russian music. The orchestra, with the violins and cellos predominant, is playing hauntingly, weaving a foreign exotic spell.

She has poise, grace and is compelling attention even in this place. There comes a bit of melancholy in the song and she sings it as one possessed, giving it drama, pathos. Suddenly there is a change. The music leaps to wild abandon. She is with it. She tosses her head like a wild Hungarian gypsy and gives fire to every note. But almost as it began, the abandon is over. With wistful sweetness, she is singing plaintively again.

SHE is touching every human emotion in her song. At times she is tossing away care, then gently wooing, an elusive strain that is almost fairylike, that crescendos into tragedy, going into a crashing climax that diminishes

(Continued on Page 58)

The Senario Writer's Corner

By FREDERICK PALMER

THE DRAMATIC "TRIAD"
IN a magazine story, conflict between two persons is often sufficient, but in a photoplay three factions are usually necessary, the dramatic "triad," in other words. Likewise, the inner struggle of a person with his or her conscience can be depicted by a novelist. It is more difficult for the screen writer to indicate it on the screen. Conflict of the photoplay must be shown in action and it is difficult to give visual expression to mental or moral suffering.

The photodramatist should always test the strength of his story by the intensity of the conflict or the cross-purposes of his characters or groups of characters. In considering photoplay situations he should bear in mind the necessity for presenting action that is pictorially interesting and conflicts that are clear and striking in pictures.

A photoplay situation can be defined as the crisis of an emotional conflict that can be clearly presented on the screen by means of pictures. Following is a clear example: the unexpected, but logical, entrance of a husband at the moment his wife is entertaining her lover. The sight of the three persons in their proper places on the screen is sufficient to make us understand the situation—and we are at once on the alert to learn what the husband will do, what the wife will do, and what the lover will do.

There are thirty-six fundamental dramatic situations, a knowledge of which is essential to a photodramatist's success. The first situation is supplication, a situation capable of a number of variations. The case of fugitives who implore the powerful for help against their enemies is a situation which comes under supplication and has been used in many forms in the photoplay, especially as the inceptive situation of a play. To the photodramatist who can devise new variations, however, it still offers splendid opportunities for development. In the photoplay, its chief use has been in the favorite old romance of the maiden in distress, as the suppliant; a guardian or parent as the persecutor; and a brave hero who becomes the power in authority. It bears a close relation to the second situation, deliverance, which is its usual development.

EMINENT STAR

These of the film, but as the second there is a decided drop in imagination. One can almost see turning from his lawn to his scrapbooks for inspiration.

We find him first deep down in the building ex-

children, dians can fall down as ever. What it suffers from is the thinness that is afflicting movies of all types nowadays—anemia of the story sense. Even the wildest film farce has to have some continuous narrative behind it.

This is why we search the Nation for Imagination

If you possess the gift, the screen needs you and will pay from \$500 to \$2,000 for your stories. Will you accept a free test of your imagination?

THE WHOLE STORY of the motion picture industry's supreme crisis is told in the newspaper clippings reproduced above. They refer to the newest picture of one of the greatest stars of the screen.

Talent costing millions—a fortune invested in the production. And a disappointment to the public!

And now the producers realize that the whole future of the industry hangs in the balance. To the Palmer Photoplay Corporation they have said: "Search the nation for Imagination. Train it to create stories for the screen."

A \$10,000 Discovery

Wonderful results are rewarding this search. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation discovered Imagination in Miss Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Florida, and trained it to create scenarios. Miss Kimball won the first prize of \$10,000 in the Chicago Daily News Scenario contest. Eight other Palmer students won prizes in that greatest of contests, in which 30,000 scenarios were entered. Three Palmer students won all the prizes in the J. Parker Reade, jr., scenario contest, in which 10,000 competed.

And the search for Imagination goes on. This advertisement offers you the free questionnaire test with which we discover such Imagination as lay hidden in a Florida village until we found and trained Miss Kimball.

What is Imagination? The power of making mental images. It is the inspiration back of every big thing ever done. And it is the very essence of motion pictures, because the screen is merely an image of life.

The Imagination of a handful of men equipped the industry mechanically. Their creative task is completed. But the Imagination of thousands is necessary to keep the industry operating. New pictures—and yet more pictures—is the cry of the theatres and the public.

Is it any wonder that producers are seeking everywhere the original story—the scenario written expressly for the

screen with the screen's wide latitude and its limitations in view?

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, the industry's accredited agent for recruiting new scenario talent for the screen, is discovering hidden ability in all walks of life, and through its training course in screen technique is developing scenarists whose work is eagerly sought by producers.

Will you take this free test?

By a remarkable psychological questionnaire test, which is sent free to any serious man or woman who clips the coupon on this page, natural aptitude for screen writing is discovered. It is a searching, scientifically exact analysis of the Imagination. Through it scores of men and women have had opened to them the fascinating and well-paid profession of photoplay authorship.

Persons who do not meet the test are frankly and confidentially told so. Those who do indicate the natural gifts required for screen writing may, if they so elect, enter upon the Palmer home training course. This course equips them in every detail to turn those talents to large profit. The Palmer Course is actively inspirational to the imaginative mind; it stirs the dramatic instinct to vigorous expression. So stimulating are the forces brought into play for screen dramatization, that the Palmer Course has become a recognized aid of incalculable value for men and women in every walk of life when the ability to visualize developments is an asset. Primarily, however, it is for the screen.

\$500 to \$2,000 for a Single Story

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which exists primarily to sell photoplays to producers, must train new writers in order to obtain stories to sell. The producers are now paying from \$500 to \$2,000 for original stories by new writers.

Above are the simple, sincere facts. This advertisement is just a part of the Corporation's search for talent worth developing. It is not an unconditional offer to train you for screen writing; it is an offer to test you absolutely free, in your own home—to test you for the creative and imaginative faculties which you may have, but are not conscious of. When you have passed the test, if you pass it, we shall send you, without obligation, a complete explanation of the Palmer course and service, its possibilities, its brilliant success in developing screen writers, and an interesting inside story of the needs of the motion picture industry today.

Will you give an evening to this fascinating questionnaire? Just clip the coupon—and clip it now, before you forget.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION, Department of Education,
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.



PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

NAME _____
Indicate Mr., Mrs., or Miss

ADDRESS _____

Little HINTS for BOOKLOVERS

Fiction Reviewed from the Playgoer's Viewpoint

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

By HARRY LEON WILSON.

Reviewed by Frank Fiske.

THE art of the silver screen is not flattered by Mr. Wilson in his latest book. Merton, chief performer, is one of the most enjoyable characters to be found in the course of a summer's reading, but his reactions to studio life are not likely to cause anyone to take it seriously.

He, however, takes everything *very* seriously. He is absolutely devoid of a sense of humor and has a profound faith in his mission to uplift the art of the film and bring "something bigger and finer" to the pictures. With this lofty purpose in view, he leaves his job as a clerk in Gashwiler's general store, Simsbury, Ill., and journeys to Hollywood.

Having previously prepared himself for his life work by taking a correspondence course in motion picture acting, he presents himself, with unlimited confidence, to the casting director. Not for a moment does he suspect that the "stills" showing him in characteristic poses will fail to command attention.

They do not. And neither does Merton. His peculiar talent is recognized the first time he appears before the camera as an "extra," but it is not until long, long after that he comes to a complete realization of its nature. Through the machinations of Flips Montague, a versatile young lady wise in the workings of both stage and studio, he becomes associated with Jeff Baird, a comedy director, who solemnly assures him that he is "trying to do something worth while, instead of mere comedies." Those are Merton's words—"mere comedies."

Under the impression that he is playing the leading part in a "serious drama," the guileless youth works under Baird's direction. Rejoicing in his rise to stardom, he attends the show-

ing of his first picture. Disillusion! Baird had tricked him into "profaning the sunlit glories of the great open West and its virile drama!" His serious acting was "funny," and he was hailed as a new comedian. "The acting which had been his soul's high vision was a thing for merriment."

And in telling Merton's story, Mr. Wilson makes the films "a thing for merriment." He turns the glaring light of clever burlesque on the art of the silent drama, and delicately probes it here and there with the lancet of wit. He makes one of his characters refer to it as the "Peter Pan of the arts," intimating that it is not only in its infancy, but will never grow up. One gathers that the author's opinion of screen drama is not particularly complimentary.

In view of this, the report that Mer-

ton of the Movies is to be filmed is pregnant with possibilities. In fact, it forms the theme for a comedy in itself.

If the motion pictures are as bad as Mr. Wilson would intimate in his book, Mr. Wilson's story will be made ridiculous. If they are not, and successfully follow the story, they will be ridiculing themselves.

Still worse, suppose the producers seek revenge on the author? Suppose that they take advantage of the chance to turn the tables on the man who burlesqued the motion pictures, and burlesque his burlesque.

There is yet another danger. Just as Merton, serious actor of high and noble purpose, was excruciatingly funny on the screen, so might Harry Leon Wilson's laugh-provoking novel become a thing of pathos once it was filmed. The path of comedy leads along a narrow ridge, with the canyon of tragedy on one side and the slough of maudlin sentimentality on the other. A malicious or stupid director can shove the author's brain child into either abyss with a single subtle and almost imperceptible push.

What better opportunity for retaliation against a satirist could be asked?

IF WINTER COMES, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. One of the greatest novels of our times. William de Mille should have been the first to recognize this and adapt it to the screen with his usual subtlety.

Theodore Roberts, of course should play **Old Bright**. Leatrice Joy could be **Nona**, Lila Lee, **Effie**, and, perhaps, Charles Ogle would suit us as **Mark Sabre**. We want none of your handsome leading men for this part, but some one with real character in his face is needed—in brief, an actor. The counterfeiter of **Foolish Wives** would do well for **Humpo** and the "heavy" whose misfortune it was to be dragged around in **Over the Hill** would suit us perfectly as **Twynning**. **Twynning** must not get off without his proper punishment, of course. What a scene they might make where **Sabre** forces that damning evidence down **Twynning's** throat!

Olga Printzlau should do the scenario. She understands those things. For title to the picture, we suggest **If Winter Comes**.

But read the book for yourself. It will make you laugh, cry, think and wonder—all at the same time! (Little, Brown.)

P. S.—Fox bought the film rights. That spoils our review, and the book, too, perhaps.

MAN AND MAID, by Elinor Glyn. Miss Glyn gives us as usual a story of passionate love in high society. (Her name is Alatheia—'nuff said!) Trivial stuff. (Lippincott.)

BRASS, by Charles G. Norris. A most convincing and brilliant novel of marriage. Written with rare insight and skill, it holds throughout with the feeling that one is witnessing the great drama of Life. A book that is coming to the screen via Warner Bros. (Dutton.)

KIMONO, by John Paris. A grim but compelling story of the slave trade in Japan, revolving around the love of a white man for his Nipponese wife. (Boni & Liveright.)

NARCISSUS, by Evelyn Scott. A penetrating study of minds, spiritually starved. Very well done. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

PETER WHIFFLE, by Carl Van Vechten. A light, exotic book you will enjoy as a relief from the heavier novels. (Knopf.)

THE FLAMING JEWEL, by Robert W. Chambers. An unreal tale of unreal people. It will please Chambers' large following because of its exciting *motif*. It will no doubt find its way into playhouses. (Doran.)

THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

By EDITH WHARTON.

IF *The Glimpses of the Moon*, a brilliant novel, becomes a motion picture, you may be sure that it will be about as dull and stupid as most of the other screen versions of popular fiction, not because motion picture producers are fools, but because our morals are so rigorously protected in the movie theatre if nowhere else.

Susy Branch, reared among the smart members of a brilliant but dissolute society—"people with a balance"—meant to wed when she found someone who combined the maximum

(Continued on page 64)

Boncilla

IRRESISTIBLE COMPLEXION CHARM VIA BONCILLA Facial Pack

Boncilla Beautifier (Clasmic Pack) is different. Its action goes to the very depth of the pores. It is easy and pleasant to use.

So restful and refreshing. Results from the very first application. Just cover the face with this clasmic mask and rest, read or go about your work while its soothing elements revitalize and rejuvenate the muscles and tissues while it cleanses the pores and brings your natural beauty to light.

Boncilla Beautifier is guaranteed to do these definite things for the face or your money will be refunded.

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Obtain this "Package O' Beauty"

It comprises the complete "Boncilla Pack" and contains enough for 3 or 4 facials. Go to your nearest drug or department store for it or send the coupon with 50 cents to us and we will send it by return mail postpaid. Be sure to get Boncilla Beautifier—the genuine and only clasmic pack.

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Your OWN Page

THE two principal purposes of *Your Own Page* are to encourage readers to make helpful criticisms for improving the magazine and to point out the improvements to come. But the purpose to which many readers put it was to make money. That is why, last month, the \$25 prize offer was eliminated.

But, although no prizes now are given for good letters commenting on SCREENLAND, they continue to come unabated. The Anti-Bouquet Contest, in fact, coaxed a surprising amount of frankness from readers who heretofore had been too kind. And only the frank letters are helpful.

So the \$25 prize letter contest has gone; but there are just as many contest opportunities in SCREENLAND as ever. There is a new contest, beginning this month, on page 10. In this contest \$200 in prizes will be awarded. And instead of writing a whole letter, all you need to write to win a larger prize is ten to twenty words.

Even Rudyard Kipling, for some of the finest stories he ever wrote, got only one dollar a word. The winner of the first grand prize in the Picture Title Contest can make \$10 a word!

Motion Pictures and printed literature are rapidly becoming greater allies. Theatregoers who, in the past, seldom read books, now are buying them because they have become interested in the stories on the film. And bookreaders go to the theatres to see what the movies are doing to their favorite books.

So, beginning with this issue, Little Hints for Booklovers (page 52) has developed into a department that will interest theatregoers as well as booklovers. If you have any kicks to make about the filming of stories you have enjoyed reading, send your views to Booklover Department, SCREENLAND, Hollywood, Calif. Your ideas will interest other booklovers.

THE ANTI-BOUQUET CONTEST

— announced in SCREENLAND for September has brought to *Your Own Page* many really helpful letters, of which the following is one. Read this letter and find *how many suggestions of the writer appear in this issue*:

Editor, *Your Own Page*.

Dear Sir: This may be a bouquet, but there are a few thorns among the roses. So watch out!

I've just finished reading my SCREENLAND. This month's *Confessing Interviewer* was rather wary of mentioning names, but the article was interesting. I hope there are more to come.

I think your photograph reproductions are worthy of mention. They are excellent, and those pictures of Hollywood were intensely interesting. A novel idea.

I don't like your covers. There is rarely any resemblance to the star they are supposed to represent, and they are not bright enough to catch the eye. I have often passed over a copy while hunting for it on a news-stand, whereas one could hardly miss other picture publications because of their brilliant colors.

As far as I am concerned, stories like *Mama the Manager* could be left out. To my mind, it's very silly, not at all funny, and the print is so small my eyes ached before I was half way through. Why not make the magazine a little thicker and space up more?

That article about Rodolph Valentino by June Mathis? It was awful. One would think he was a baby, whipped for stealing jam, when he didn't know any better. I'm surprised at June.

Well, anyway, your virtues greatly outshine your faults, else I wouldn't always impatiently await the next issue.

Very truly yours,

MRS. JAMES N. KENNEDY,

415 South Fiftieth street, West Philadelphia, Pa.

J E T of Cambridge, Mass., wrote to say that he saves the crisp rotogravure gallery portraits in SCREENLAND and is making a book of portraits therefrom. So many readers have appreciated the portraits of past issues that instead of presenting six or seven each month, at least nine artistic camera studies will be found in following numbers.

"Have pity on us and save us from the short story," implores an Atlantic City critic. A E W declares she found no interest in the latest "Mr. Bloom" story. But our pity comes, like a wise man's praise, sparingly. For many other readers have enjoyed them. But a series of short stories, unlike any motion picture fiction you have ever read before, will begin in an early issue.

"I was disappointed not to find news notes about the players," writes R F of Topeka, Kas., whose subscription began with the August number. Which allows us opportunity to announce a new "Fact" department—"straight from Hollywood"—that begins in SCREENLAND for November. All of the scores of amusing, informative episodes that are met with daily in being "made where the movies are made" will appear in this crisp, new department. In your next SCREENLAND.

"The Picture of the Month" will be on the first page of the *Little Hints for Playgoers* department each month (beginning with *Blood and Sand*, on page 37 of this issue). It will be SCREENLAND's selection of all the studio output that is best for discriminating picture lovers to see. When your ideas differ with *Little Hints* send in your criticism. "Hiss the Bad Ones" in print as well as in your theatre.

Miss M D of Michigan sent in a complaint about SCREENLAND covers. Always anxious to oblige a lady, SCREENLAND for October has the first of a series of twelve original ones from paintings by Henry Clive. If Miss M D will send us further suggestions in July, 1923, we will again hasten to employ them.

We Take Our Literature in Tabloid Form

We busy Americans. Too rushed with affairs of business and home-making to properly digest literature of novel length, the tired business man and equally tired home-maker, in the precious leisure hours, look eagerly for the short story, the humorous or serious article, the brief but meaty biography. Brevity, that he who runs may read, has given the magazine the place of honor upon the table beneath the reading lamp in every American home. Excellence in small quantities—that is the American periodical.

The magazines listed below offer something of value to every member of your family.

By taking advantage of our special clubbing offers, you secure for your family the work of the best writers in the magazine field, the best and at the same time by far the cheapest form of entertainment you can find today. If the club you prefer is not listed below, ask for our lowest price on any list of magazines you wish.

Subscriptions may be new or renewals. Postage is free except on foreign subscriptions. Magazines in any club may be sent to different addresses. This enables you to make three different gifts by ordering one club of three magazines.

Scribner's	\$7.20 Newsstand Value For Only	Collier's Weekly (or Woman's H. C.)	\$5.10 Newsstand Value For Only
SCREENLAND	\$4.50	SCREENLAND	\$4.00
St. Nicholas	\$9.60 Newsstand Value For Only	*American Magazine	\$7.80 Newsstand Value For Only
Boy's Life		*Woman's Home Comp.	
SCREENLAND	\$6.50	SCREENLAND	\$5.50
Motion Picture (or Classic)	\$10.20 Newsstand Value For Only	Pictorial Review	\$4.80 Newsstand Value For Only
Woman's Home Comp.		SCREENLAND	\$3.20
Pictorial Review		Motion Picture (or Classic)	\$6.00 Newsstand Value For Only
SCREENLAND	\$5.80	SCREENLAND	\$3.70
To-Day's Housewife	\$7.20 Newsstand Value For Only	American Magazine	\$9.00 Newsstand Value For Only
Modern Priscilla		Sunset	
SCREENLAND	\$4.00	SCREENLAND	\$6.00
American	\$6.00 Newsstand Value For Only	Pictorial Review	\$7.20 Newsstand Value For Only
SCREENLAND	\$4.50	Modern Priscilla	
Sunset	\$6.00 Newsstand Value For Only	SCREENLAND	\$4.20
SCREENLAND	\$3.50	Youth's Companion	\$9.00 Newsstand Value For Only
Harper's Magazine	\$11.40 Newsstand Value For Only	Pictorial Review	
World's Work		SCREENLAND	\$5.50
SCREENLAND	\$8.00	Everybody's	\$6.00 Newsstand Value For Only
Physical Culture	\$6.00 Newsstand Value For Only	SCREENLAND	\$4.30
SCREENLAND	\$3.70	Everybody's	\$11.20 Newsstand Value For Only
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McCall's		SCREENLAND	\$5.50
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Jim Henry's Column

In Common

It is a curious thought, how different men are in most of their ideas, aspirations and habits, and yet how absolutely alike in others.

For example, tomorrow morning, between the hours of 6:45 and 7:30, about fifteen million men will stand before their mirrors in exactly the same postures, go through the same motions and accomplish about the same results, namely: they will cut down that jungle of ugliness which is everlastingly pushing out from a man's hide and overrunning the attractive contours of his face.

With this one difference. Something over two million men will enjoy the process. The other thirteen million will think thoughts they dare not express unless they are rough and uncouth, and which I cannot even hint at in this public forum.

Now, let's get down to cases and be practical and factful about this inevitable process of shaving.

We would all do away with it if women would let us. It takes time, at the best is a nuisance, and at the worst is awful.

I don't have to tell you whether or not the soap you are using is up to the job. I do tell you that in the opinion of every man who uses it, Mennen Shaving Cream comes closer to making shaving pleasant than any other preparation ever invented.

I tell you that Mennen's exerts a peculiar influence on a beard which transforms its meanness into something approaching benevolence.

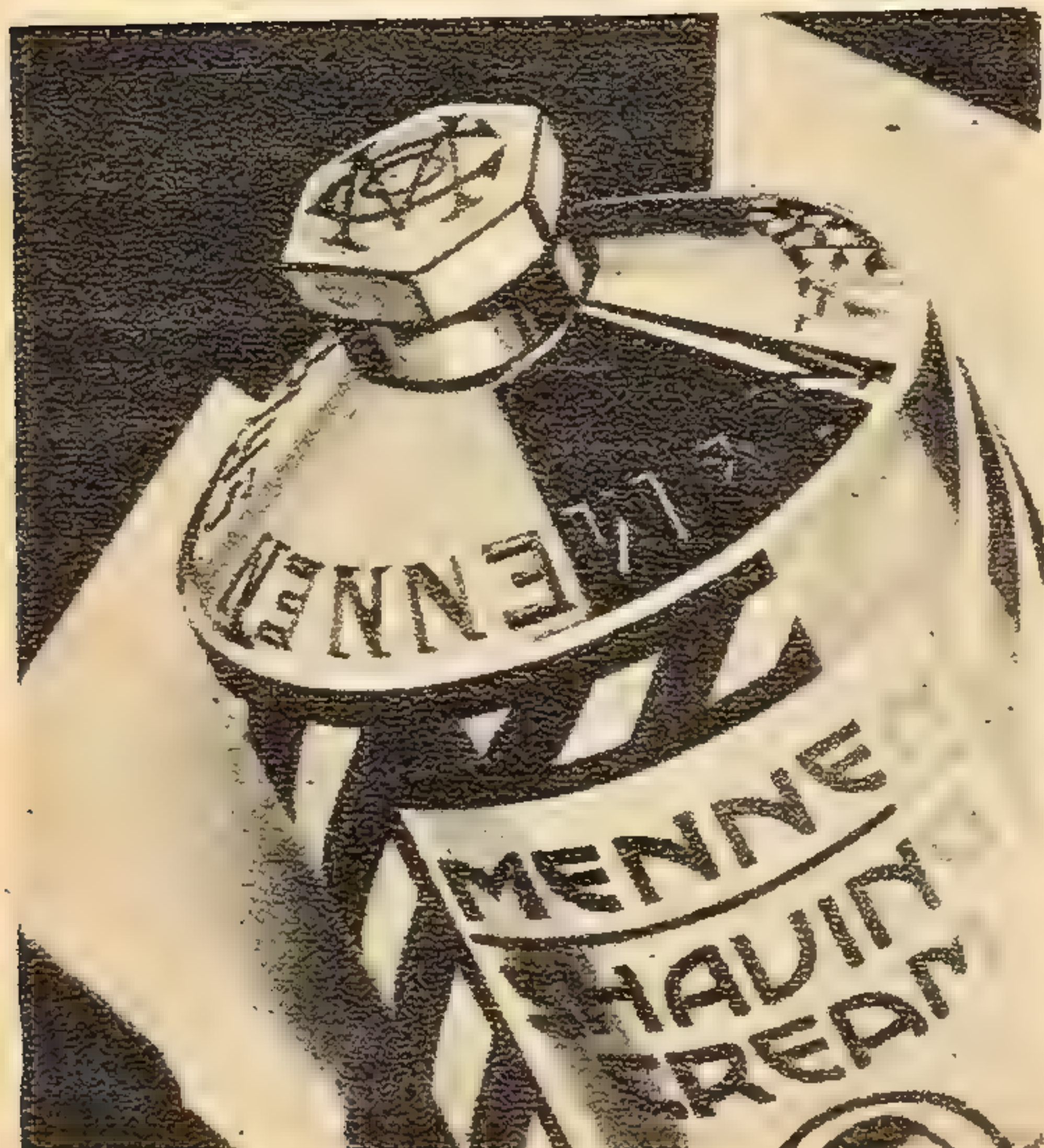
I tell you that Mennen's is so non-irritating and so packed with soothing lotions that all you need afterwards is a flick of neutral-toned Mennen Talcum for Men to put you at peace with the world. Our Talcum for Men, by the way, doesn't show the way white powder does. It is made especially for men—fine for a talcum shower after your bath to protect your skin from irritation—and soothing after a shave.

So buy them both—Mennen Shaving Cream and Mennen Talcum for Men—and solve this shaving question for good. My demonstrator tube costs 10 cents by mail.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY

357 Central Ave.
Newark N.J. U.S.A.



"PUNISH THE VILLAIN"

(Continued from page 23.)

"I ain't got my nerve up yet," he admitted.

"Don't get it up," she pleaded; "just give him some more money and tell him not to let it happen again."

"But ain't that encouraging thievery? Didn't he steal one of my ideas?"

"Ain't you got plenty left?" she purred.

"But he might steal again——"

"And his wife loves him so much and she's so proud of him, something like I am of you, Abie."

"Mamma, if you don't stop crying, you will make me sick," he warned her.

"Let him go this time," she pleaded.

"You win," he said, and put his arm around her, or, rather, as far around her as it would go.

SITTING in the dark, with their faces close to each other, they were oblivious to the fact that Bill had come to the end of the rushes. The wall at the farther end of the room upon which, but a moment before, had appeared the evidence of Mr. Kendall's guilt, was now a blank. The hum of the projection machine had ceased, and Bill, after a wondering glance through his peep-hole, had slipped out of his booth and gone out upon his own affairs. Chivalrous projectionist that he was, he did not turn on the light.

The light which fell at last into the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Bloom came from the outer door, which, without warning, was suddenly flung open by a big, broad-shouldered man who wore a white silk shirt open at the neck, moleskin breeches and leather puttees.

"Bruce Wappinger, the director," Mr. Bloom whispered to his wife. "Pretend we don't see him."

Mr. Wappinger already was pretending that he did not see them, and, making a transition from amazement to absent-mindedness, began to back out of the door.

It was Mrs. Bloom who stopped him.

"My husband wants to tell you something," she said, and dropping her voice to an undertone, whis-

pered to Mr. Bloom. "Tell him it's all right about Mr. Kendall."

Mr. Bloom, evidently of the opinion that he would be more impressive if he were upon his feet, essayed to rise, but Mrs. Bloom detained him.

"What you got to say, you can say where you are," she observed.

"All I got to say," began Mr. Bloom, talking to the director, but looking at the floor; "all I got to say is that we won't use that scene showing the blind man getting his eyesight back and punching the villain."

"What!" cried the amazed Wappinger. "Why, that's the punch of the picture."

"Punch or no punch, we won't use it," affirmed Mr. Bloom.

"We neither of us care for it," remarked Mrs. Bloom. "You see, Mr. Kendall's wife is awful sick——"

"You see we won't use the scene," hastily interposed her husband. "There ain't no necessity of going into details. We won't use it. That's the final end of it."

"But this is unfair to me," protested Mr. Wappinger warmly; "you don't know how hard I've worked on that scene——"

"It shouldn't have been in the script anyway," contended Mr. Bloom. "Kendall had no right to put in that scene——"

"Kendall?" sneered the director. "What's Kendall got to do with it? I put in that scene. Kendall had no more to do with it than you had——"

"Not so much," declared Mr. Bloom, and would have said more had not his wife placed her hand over his mouth.

But there was no hand over Bruce Wappinger's mouth.

"Nobody had anything to do with that scene but me," he announced. "I didn't like the scene Kendall gave me; so I wrote this one in."

"You!" cried Mr. Bloom, breaking away from his wife's restraining hand: "you put in all of that about the blind man getting his eyesight back and punching the villain."

"Every bit of it," said Mr. Wappinger with pardonable pride.

"You should be ashamed to speak those words," said Mr. Bloom sadly. "You should be ashamed to ad-

(Continued on Page 57)

"Punish the Villain"

(Continued from Page 56)

mit that you stole a scene from a picture I made five years ago."

"It was something that Mr. Kendall would not do," remarked Mrs. Bloom severely. "He's a first-class, honorable man——"

"Tsst, Mamma," cautioned Mr. Bloom, and turned to the director: "I've known you a long time," he went on unhappily, "and I never knew you to do anything crooked before. Maybe you got a good explanation. Maybe you really didn't intend to steal the scene. Maybe you saw my picture five years ago and it stayed in your mind, and maybe it wasn't you that stole the scene as much as your unconscious memory——"

"Is that the way you got it?" asked Wappinger.

"Mr. Bloom used it five years ago," remarked Mrs. Bloom airily.

"I used it ten years ago," was Wappinger's surprising announcement. "Maybe Mr. Bloom didn't really steal it from me. Maybe it was his unconscious memory——"

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Mrs. Bloom calmly. "In fact, I wouldn't be surprised at anything Mr. Bloom would do."

"I wish you'd both go away and leave me alone," muttered Mr. Bloom.

"I got to go," said his wife, brightening; "I got to tell Mrs. Kendall that you've raised her husband's wages. You have, ain't you?"

"If you say I have, I have," he answered hopelessly, "and if Bruce says I stole his scene, I did it, but all I can say is that I don't remember anything about anything."

"You should have a medal for being honest about it, anyway," smiled his wife, attaching herself to his arm; "like that medal that the city of Chicago gave to Mr. Kendall that his little boy is so proud of."

"Oh, well," sighed Mr. Bloom, "if I had a boy to be proud of then I'd get me a dozen medals. But I ain't, so all I can do is to apologize to Bruce for stealing his scene and raise Kendall's salary."

"Abie," said his wife fondly, "you are a very fine feller."

"There are them that is worse," said Mr. Bloom.



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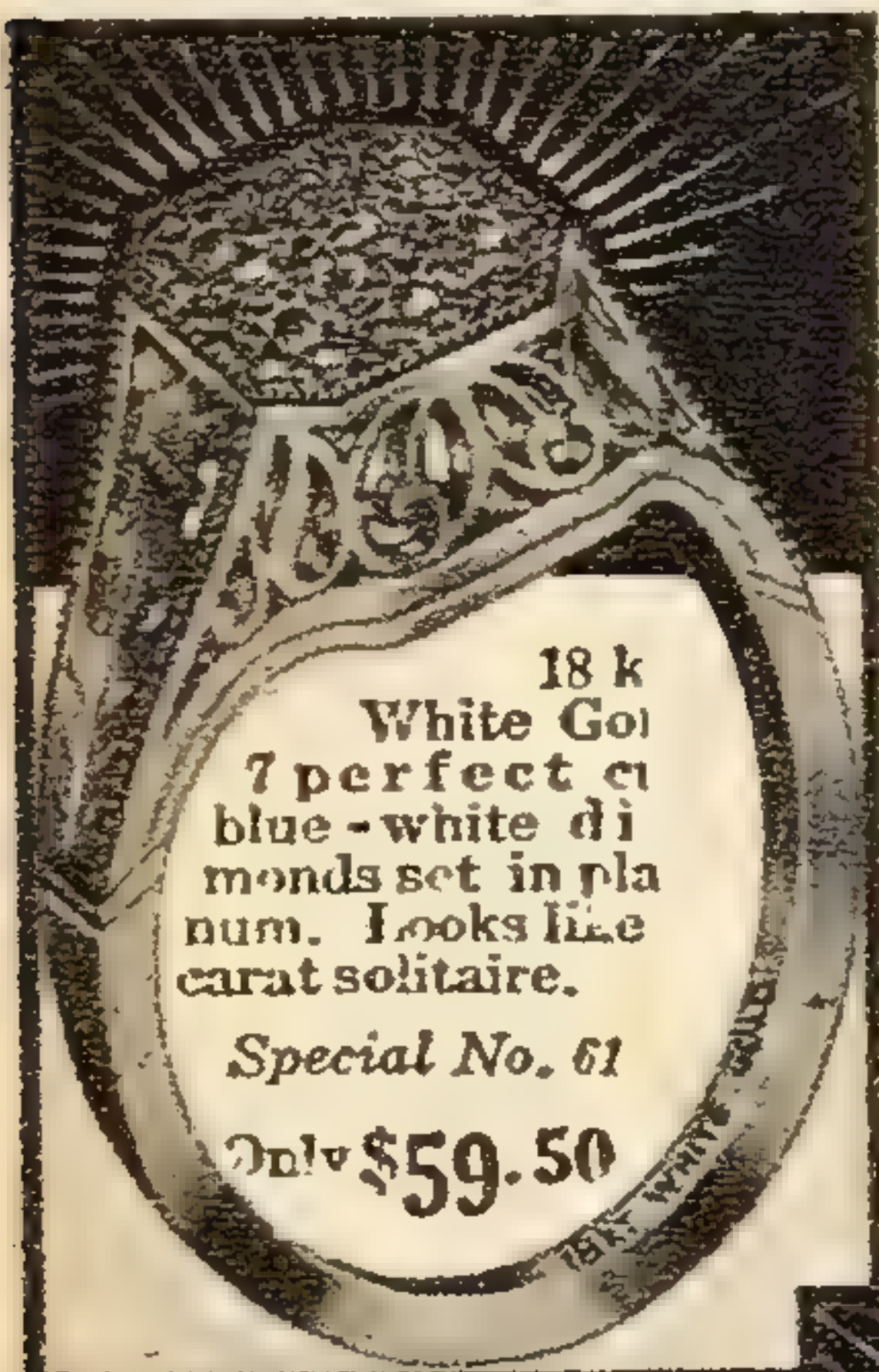
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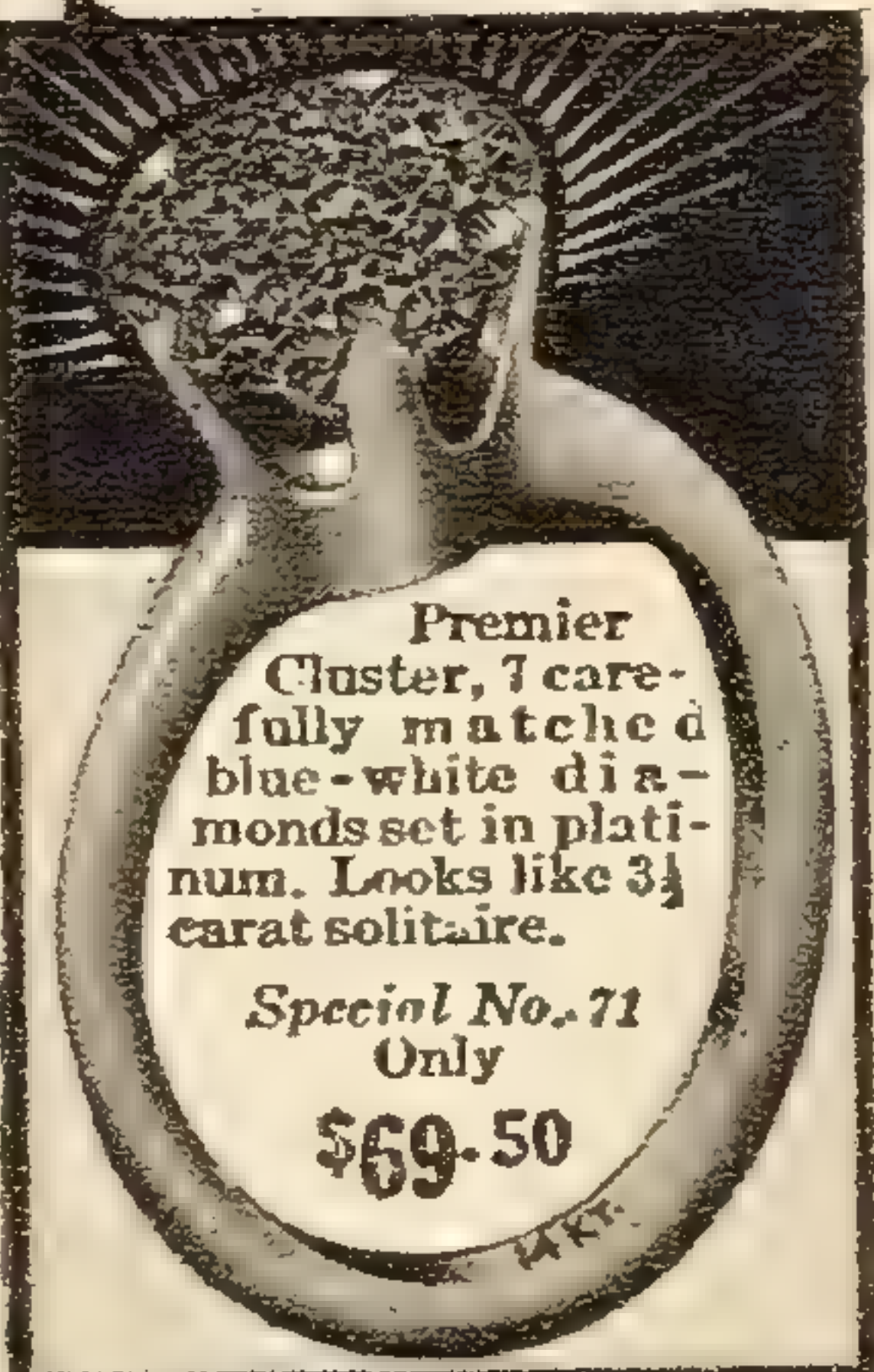
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MY TRIP ABROAD

(Continued from Page 50)

into an ending, searching, yearning and wistfully sad.

Her personality is written into every mood of the song. She is at once fine, courageous, pathetic and wild. She finished to an applause that reflected the indifference of the place. In spots it was spontaneous and insistent. In others little attention was paid to her. She is wasted here.

But she cares not. In her face you can see that she gets her applause in the song itself. It was glorious, just to be singing with heart, soul and voice. She smiles faintly, then sits down modestly.

I knew it. She is Russian. She has everything to suggest it. Full of temperament, talent and real emotional ability, hidden away here in Le Rat Mort. What a sensation she would be in America with a little advertising. This is just a thought, but all sorts of schemes present themselves to me.

I can see her in "The Follies" with superb dressing and doing just the song she had done then. I did not understand a word of it, but I felt every syllable. Art is universal and needs no language. She has everything from gentleness to passion and a startling beauty. I am applauding too much, but she looks and smiles, so I am repaid.

They dance again, and while they are gone I call the waiter and have him explain to the manager that I would like to be presented to her. The manager introduces her and I invite her to my table. She sits there with us, while her companion, the dark girl, does a solo dance.

She talks charmingly and without restraint. She speaks three languages—Russian, French and English. Her father was a Russian general during the czar's reign. I can see now where she gets her imperious carriage.

"Are you a bolshevik?"

She flushes as I ask it, and her lips pout prettily as she struggles with English. She seems all afire.

"No; they are wicked. Bolshevik man, he's very bad." Her eyes flash as she speaks.

"Then you are bourgeoisie?"

"No, but not a bolshevik." Her voice suggests a tremendous vitality, though her vocabulary is lim-

ited. "Bolshevik good idea for the mind, but not for practice."

"Has it had a fair opportunity?" I ask her.

"Plenty. My father, my mother, my brother all in Russia and very poor. Mother is bolshevik, father bourgeoisie. Bolshevik man very impudent to me. I want to kill him. He insult me. What can I do? I escape. Bolshevik good idea, but no good for life."

"What of Lenin?"

"Very clever man. He tried hard for bolshevik—but no good for everybody—just in the head."

I learn that she was educated in a convent and that she had lost all trace of her people. She earns her living singing here. She has been to the movies, but has never seen me. She "is go first chance because I am nice man."

I ask her if she would like to go into moving pictures. Her eyes light up. "If I get opportunity I know I make success. But"—she curls her mouth prettily—"it's difficult to get opportunity."

She is just twenty years old and has been in the cafe for two weeks, coming there from Turkey, to which country she fled following her escape from Russia.

I explain that she must have photographic tests made and that I will try to get her a position in America. She puts everything into her eyes as she thanks me. She looks like a combination of Mary Pickford and Pola Negri plus her own distinctive beauty and personality. Her name is "Skaya." I write her full name and address in my book and promise to do all I can for her. And I mean to. We say "Good night," and she says she feels that I will do what I say. How has she kept hidden?

DUE at Sir Philip Sassoon's for a garden party the next day, I decide to go there in an airplane and I leave the Le Bourget airdrome in Paris in a plane of La Compagnie des Messageries Aeriennes, and at special request the pilot landed me at Lympne in Kent and I thereby avoided the crowd that would have been on hand in London.

It was quite thrilling and I felt that I made a very effective entrance to the party.

(Continued on Page 59)

MY TRIP ABROAD

(Continued from page 58)

And what a delightful retreat! All the charm of an English country home, and Sir Philip is a perfect host. I get English food and treatment. I have a perfect rest, with no duties, and entertainment as I desire. A day and a half that are most pleasant!

Next day there is to be a ceremonial in the schoolhouse, when a memorial is to be unveiled. It is in honor of the boys of the town who had fallen. There are mothers, fathers, and many old people, some of them old in years, others aged by the trials of the war.

The simple affair is most impressive and the streets are crowded on our way. I was to blame for an unhappy contrast. Outside people were shouting "Hooray for Charlie!" while inside souls were hushed in grief.

Such a discordant note. I wished I had not been so prominent. I wanted every one to bow in respect to these dead. The crowds did not belong outside.

And inside, on the little children's faces, I could see conflicting emotions. There is the reverence for the dead and yet there is eagerness as they steal glances at me. I wish I hadn't come. I feel that I am the disturbing element.

From the school Sir Philip and I went to the Star and Garter hospital for wounded soldiers. Sheer tragedy was here.

Young men suffering from spinal wounds, some of them with legs withered, some suffering from shell shock. No hope for them, yet they smiled.

There was one whose hands were all twisted and he was painting signs with a brush held between his teeth. I looked at the signs. They were mottoes: "Are We Downhearted?" "Never Say Die." A superman.

Here is a lad who must take an anaesthetic whenever his nails are cut because of his twisted limbs. And he is smiling and to all appearances happy. The capacity that God gives for suffering is so tremendous. I marvel at their endurance.

I inquire about food and general conditions. They suggest that the food could be better. This is attended to.

(Continued on Page 63)

The Girl He Left Behind

By Edith Erwin



Bruce Webster had gone up to the city to make his fortune. And Mary Louise Kenyon had gone back home (after the train had whizzed itself away into a dot on the horizon) to keep her mother's cottage fresh and bright, to write long, newsy letters—and once in a while a whimsically tender little note which she mailed blushing.

And then—Stella Anthony went up to the city, too!

There was much news in Bruce's next letter. What do you think! His employer's son was a fraternity brother! A regular fellow, Joe. Invited him to a stag party next week.

And—oh, yes—whom do you suppose he met coming out of the office the other evening? A home town girl! It surely was good to see any one from home. A lucky coincidence, her passing that moment. She was so delighted—had been so lonely in the city.

Mary Lou let the letter flutter to the floor. Coincidence! Lonely! It was amusing, if one happened to be in the mood for amusement. Stella Anthony was perfectly capable of guiding the long arm of coincidence with her own firm hand.

Bruce's letters grew less frequent, but told of good times, for Joe was taking him to parties and the country club. But he didn't forget the old town. He and Stella compared letters and kept up with the news, he said.

"But there ought to be a way." Mary Lou dug her nails into her palms. "It—it isn't fair! And he—wouldn't really be happy. Oh—I must find a way."

Something inside of her set to work intently—seemed to whisper, "Don't give up yet. Don't give up yet."

MAYBE it was this something that led her to buy a once-favorite magazine one day. Mary Lou had stopped getting it, for she didn't like to read love stories any more. But she took it, anyway, and that night picked it up disconsolately.

The pages fell open at a story. Something made her begin it eagerly. Then she re-read it.

"Why—I wonder—" whispered Mary Lou. And she read it a third time. "They say men always like—" After which she resolutely took pen and ink, then ran out to mail a letter in the dusk.

Then, for the rest of the summer, Mary Lou was very busy in a mysterious sort of way.

When Bruce got a vacation late in October, Springdale was not surprised that Stella Anthony managed to get a vacation then, too.

Yet Mary Lou was remarkably unruffled by this later news. And there was a mystifying twinkle in her eye! It remained there, even when Bruce failed to come over the day he arrived, and the second day of his absence failed to entirely dim its light.

That afternoon, the gate at last opened to a familiar hand, a well-known footfall sounded—stopped—

Over in a corner of the garden was what might reasonably be taken for a chrysanthemum, one of those huge yellow, fringy ones. But never yet did chrysanthemums boast silken hose and buckled slippers.

"Mary Lou! I took you for a flower!" gasped Bruce. "By George, I didn't know my eyes were so starved."

NOT only Bruce, but all Springdale, was surprised at the wonderful new clothes of Mary Lou. Surprised at the gay little sports frock, with its orange scallops; astonished at the charming rose jersey touched by a lavish hand with wool embroidery. Dazzled by the crisp, jaunty little things Mary Lou slipped on of

mornings; bewildered by the frillier garments in which she bloomed later in the day. Not to mention lace and silken mysteries glimpsed through filmy blouses. Stella Anthony in her dark, tailored things was almost unnoticed.

Mary Lou kept the pink dotted swiss for the last evening. A little girl sort of a frock it was, with Mary Lou nervously twisting her pink ribbons.

"The sweetest of all," was Bruce's verdict. "Mary Lou," he bent suddenly toward her. "Don't ever wear anything but those dainty, frilly things."

A man—out in the world—likes to know there's a cool little island of a home somewhere, with somebody waiting. Somebody in soft, feminine things—" Then he stopped.

"I've no right to ask you. You're used to lovely things—it will be some time before I can afford—"

"Oh—if that's all the objection," said Mary Lou, brazenly.

Comfortably snuggled against his arm she told him, later in the evening.

"I wanted pretty things more this year than ever before. For—well, just because. But I couldn't afford any—and I wasn't trained to earn money. Then, one day, I read of a school, the Woman's Institute, in Scranton, Pennsylvania, that teaches girls and women, right in their homes, to sew. Just think what that means. Why, one can have prettier clothes for a fourth the usual price."

"I just felt I could learn, for I wanted to, so badly. So I began the lessons. And, do you know—I started right in making actual garments. After just a few weeks I made my first dress. I made some things for mother and then some cunning dresses and rompers for a neighbor's children. This brought me enough money to buy the yellow organdie that you liked so much."

"Since then everything has been easy, for it's such fun to plan and make clothes when you know how. So many people want me to sew for them—why, I could open a little shop if I wanted to."

"But you are not going to!" whispered Bruce. "Christmas, isn't it?"

WHAT Mary Lou did, you can do, too. There is not the slightest doubt about it. More than 140,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success in Dressmaking or Millinery as a business.

It costs you absolutely nothing to find out what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 100-K, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world, the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes and hats, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

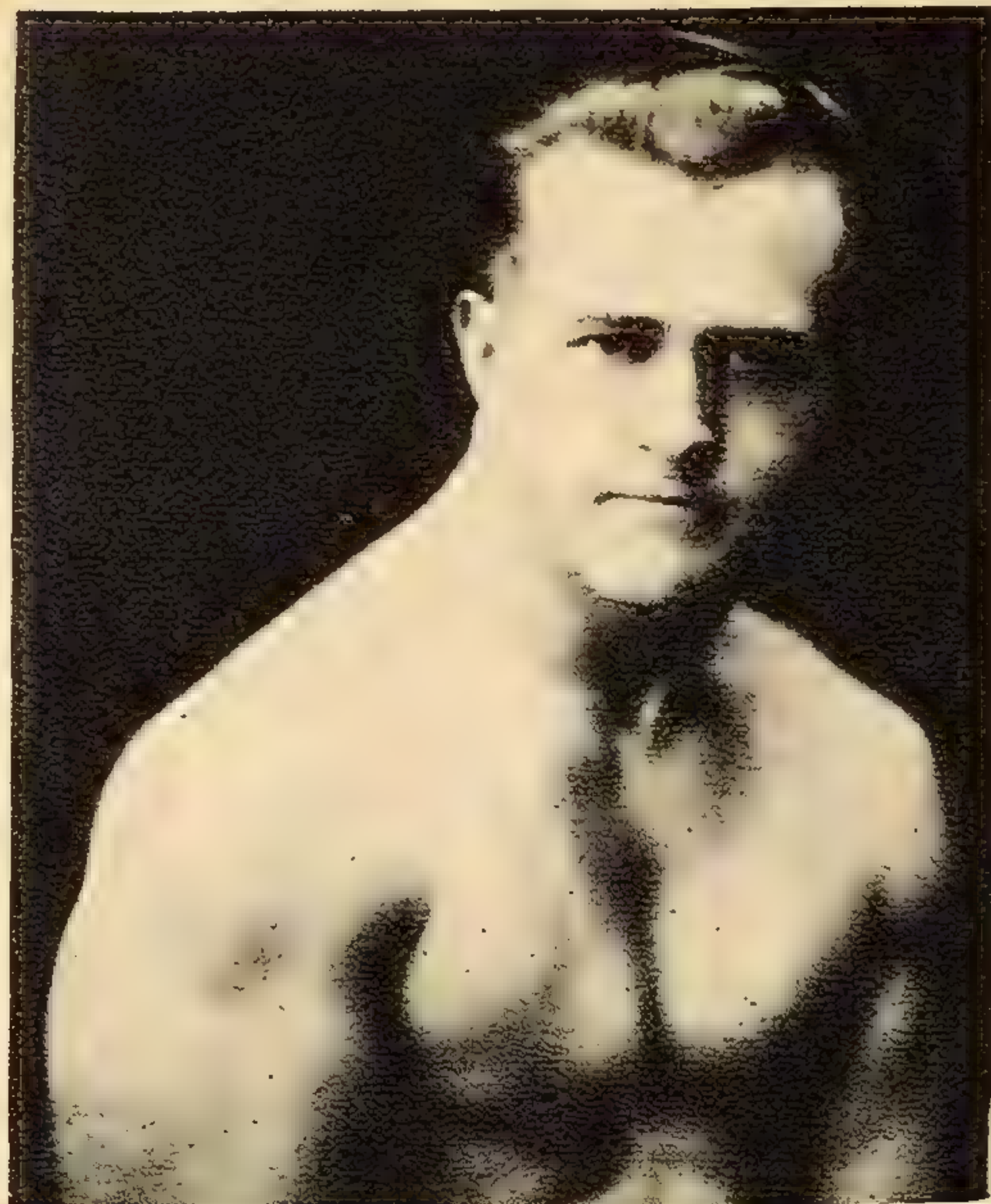
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Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below:

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☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



Latest Photograph of Earle E. Liederman

If you were dying tonight

and I offered you something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow, or any day some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A REBUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

ALL I ASK IS NINETY DAYS

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real work. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make these friends of yours that think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A REAL MAN

When I'm through with you, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things that you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich pure air stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you. SEND FOR MY BOOK

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It is chock full of large size photographs of both myself and my numerous pupils. Also contains a treatise on the human body and what can be done with it. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an impetus—an inspiration to every red blooded man. I could easily collect a big price for a book of this kind just as others are now doing, but I want every man and boy who is interested to just send the attached coupon and the book is his absolutely free. All I ask you to cover is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember this does not obligate you in any way. I want you to have it. So it's yours to keep. Now don't delay one minute—this may be the turning point in your life today. So tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is on your mind.

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Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Behind the Camera with Elinor Glyn

(Continued from Page 47.)

prices set. A release date is then set for the release of the picture to theatres all over the country. This release date is adhered to as closely as possible.

It is sometimes necessary, however, to give an exhibitor a pre-release on a picture, that is, to let him show it prior to the regular release date. This has frequently been the case with Grauman's Theatre in Los Angeles. Mr. Adolph Zukor, president of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and Mr. S. R. Kent, head of the system of distribution, are the only two officials having authority to sanction a pre-release.

The final rental price of a picture, however, is set after a careful consideration of conditions appertaining to the individual theatre in question. These are the population of the town or city, the class of theatre, whether a first-run, second-run or suburban house, the drawing population of the theatre, the seating capacity of the theatre, and last, but not least, the average amount of business that that particular theatre has been doing in the past. Oftentimes the exhibitor has to furnish a sworn statement of the amount of business that he has been doing. In other words, the system is designed for fairness to the individual exhibitor, all circumstances being weighed in deciding the rental price to that exhibitor.

A scale of rental prices is set for different classes of showings. For instance, a first-run showing of a film in a city will demand a top price. The price for the second showing of the same film in the same city will be lowered about seventy per cent. The rental price for the third showing, perhaps in a suburban house, will be still lower, and on down the line. In other words, the more often a picture is shown the lower the rental price.

AFTER "Beyond the Rocks" showed at Grauman's Rialto Theatre in Los Angeles, out of fairness to that first-run exhibitor, the picture was not shown at a second-run house until a period of from thirty to forty-five days had elapsed after the first showing. This is a

protective measure for the first-run exhibitor who pays the top price.

The film salesmen are assigned to zones into which the exchange territory is divided. The salesman rents as many pictures to each theatre exhibitor as he can and by arranging with the booker makes exact play dates on a number of attractions at the time of the signing of the contract. All salesmen's contracts are subject to the approval of the manager and, if of considerable size, to the approval of the parent office. This is to prevent clashes in showing dates.

The accessories department of the exchange keeps in stock a complete supply of posters, slides, heralds and advertising cuts for the use of the exhibitors showing the pictures.

Regarding the handling of the film—when it first comes to the exchange it is packed in a regulation galvanized iron container. There it is inspected and run through a preparation of cocoa butter and paraffin to protect the emulsion from the intense heat of the projection machine. After a theatre showing, the film must come back to the exchange for reinspection and shipment to the next theatre which has contracted for it. Films are usually shipped to exhibitors by express or parcel post, but even aeroplanes have sometimes been used in case of rush shipments.

CHAPTER TWENTY.

Theatre Exhibition.

THE fourth great branch of the motion picture industry is the exhibition of the pictures in the theatres. Today the exhibitor plans his presentation with the same pains that a stage producer plans a big stage production.

The principal features of presentation are the music, the effects, the scenic prologue and the exploitation. Big exhibitors often plan for weeks in advance a future exhibition program, rehearsing the players for the prologue and lining up the electrical effects, musical program, etc.

In arranging for the presentation of the Paramount picture, "Beyond

(Continued on Page 61)

Behind the Camera with Elinor Glyn

(Continued from Page 60)

the Rocks," Sid Grauman of Los Angeles, one of the biggest exhibitors in America, considered every angle of the story in order to choose the most important episode on which to base the prologue. He felt the Swiss Alps would form a picturesque setting, or, perhaps, a glimpse of the gay Parisian cafe. Even the English estate would offer a chance to develop a pleasing scene. However, he finally decided that the amazing display of beautiful gowns worn by the exotic Gloria Swanson was a more typical motif of both star and story. Therefore, he had his spacious stage transformed into a fashionable home and engaged models to exhibit the season's most luxurious costumes, with several artistic novelties introduced such as society dances and a soloist or two.

In this way the thoughts of the audience were being led into harmony with the luxury and the beauty of the film, with its keynote of youthful romance and when "Beyond the Rocks" began to un-reel everyone was in complete sympathy with the youthful lovers battling against a love that was denied them.

The musical program accompanying the picture was doing its share also, for it included all the famous love songs, with Liszt's magnificent "Liebestraum," that has thrilled the hearts of all lovers, acting as a golden chain to hold the other marvelous melodies in place.

The Love Pirate

(Continued from page 45)

"Not just now," Grattan interrupted smilingly, "she's busy, I'm quite sure."

He pointed off to where Vera Shelby stood leaning against the rail while a tall young man, standing very close and holding one of her hands, murmured eagerly into her ear. And Grattan noted that she listened with downcast eyes.

"We'll talk to her about all this tomorrow," the director went on. "Just at this moment she's hearing something very important from our leading man—Mr. Truesdale."

How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON



I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B—, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up, and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right. "a profile—" "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B—, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose—"She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B—'s maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B— in the privacy of her home!

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bub-

bling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.

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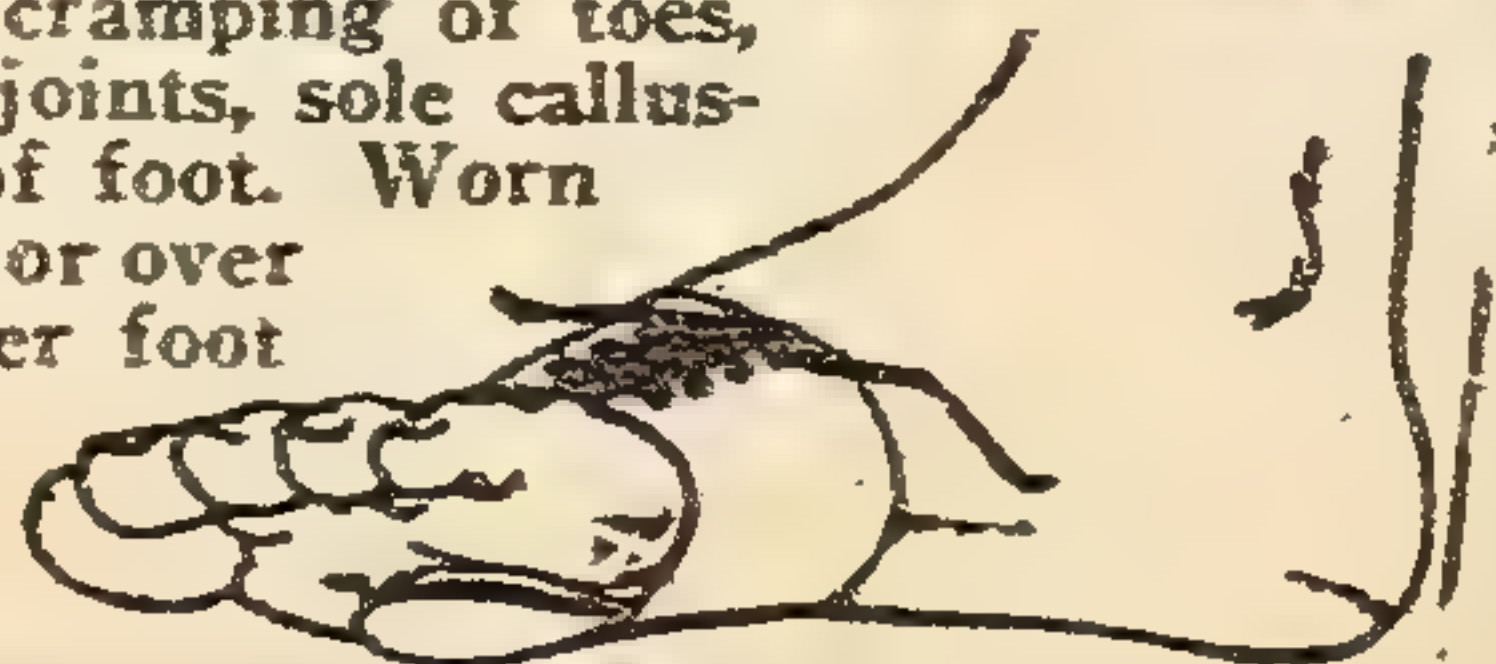
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CONFESSIONS of a STAR INTERVIEWER

(Continued from page 36.)

I didn't feel the scene, he would send me home."

The director, who, although no Griffith, had directed successfully several stars of greater magnitude than Miss Marsh, stood this as long as he could and then said:

"Mr. Griffith is not directing you. We could all get through and go home if you would only try to help us. Will you please try to feel the scene?"

When this mild request met with no response the director said:

"Very well, if you won't you won't, but you might as well understand that you're going to stay here till you play it."

It must have been the iron in his voice that did the trick, for the temperamental Miss Marsh stopped her nonsense and got to work.

I had gone there to interview her, but when I saw that scene I interviewed somebody else. Even interviewers are human and when they can they are as likely as anybody else would be to give the shade, as the saying is, to those who are not quite so self-sufficient.

I THINK I may say without undue self-appreciation that I wrote the best interview with Miss Dupont that ever was written, and do you know why I wrote it?

Because Miss Dupont, a most likable girl, even though she knows little and cares less about many things that I look upon as of some importance, was frank enough to say to me:

"You don't expect me to say brilliant things do you, because if you do you're going to be terribly disappointed. I couldn't say anything brilliant to save my life."

Well, neither can I, but I fixed up an interview that reflected great credit upon both of us.

Marguerite DeLa Motte was not much help.

"I realized the greatest ambition in my life when I became Douglas

Fairbanks' leading woman," she said, and that's about all that she would say.

I thought that she was paying Doug a pretty little compliment, but it was small material out of which to build an interview. She seemed to have forgotten almost everything else that she knew.

Old Bill Hart seemed to have forgotten nothing.

He was frankness itself, told me he wasn't half as crazy about horses in general as people thought he was, admitted that the sight of even the slightest amount of bloodshed made him nervous, confessed that he would not enter a cave or stay in a dark room unless he really had to, and still managed to make me feel that he was almost as heroic as the characters that he plays so well. Explain it if you can. I can't.

BUT there is one thing for which I find it difficult to forgive him. He asked me if I ever had heard "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul," and when, weakly, I said that I never had heard him recite it, he then and there made it impossible for me to say that again. William Shakespeare Hart, you're a fine western star, but if ever again you should ask me whether I have heard anything I am going to say yes.

There is no exaggerated ego about Bill Hart, and, although he is no spendthrift, I happen to know that neither has he ever turned his back upon a friend. He's the kind of a man who, when anybody he knows is sick, goes and sits by the bedside. If I'm ever sick he can come and sit by mine and, if he insists, I'll even let him recite "I am the master," etc.

I know I'd rather have him in a sick room than a certain young woman star of surpassing physical beauty, but whose mentality is such that I have heard her referred to as "the idiot child" and who, in the hearing of those very ears of mine, told me that her brother had just been operated upon and had "had his appendicitis taken out."

MY TRIP ABROAD

(Continued from Page 59)

WE are received politely and with smiles from the crippled lads who are crippled in flesh only. Their spirit is boisterous. I feel a puny atom as they shout:

"Good luck to you, Charlie."

I can't talk. There is nothing for me to say. I merely smile and nod and shake hands whenever this is possible. I sign autographs for as many as ask and I ask them to give me their autographs. I honestly want them.

One jovially says, "Sure, and Bill will give you one, too." There is an uproar of laughter and Bill laughs just as loud as the rest. Bill has no arms.

But he bests them. He will sign at that. And he does. With his teeth. Such is their spirit. What is to become of them? That is up to you and me.

Back to Sir Philip's, very tired and depressed. We dine late and I go to my room and read Walda Frank's "Dark Mothers." The next day there is tennis and music and in the evening I leave for London, where I am to meet H. G. Wells and go with him to his country home.

I am looking forward to this Saturday, Sunday and Monday as an intellectual holiday. I meet H. G. at Whitehall and he is driving his own car. He is a very good chauffeur, too.

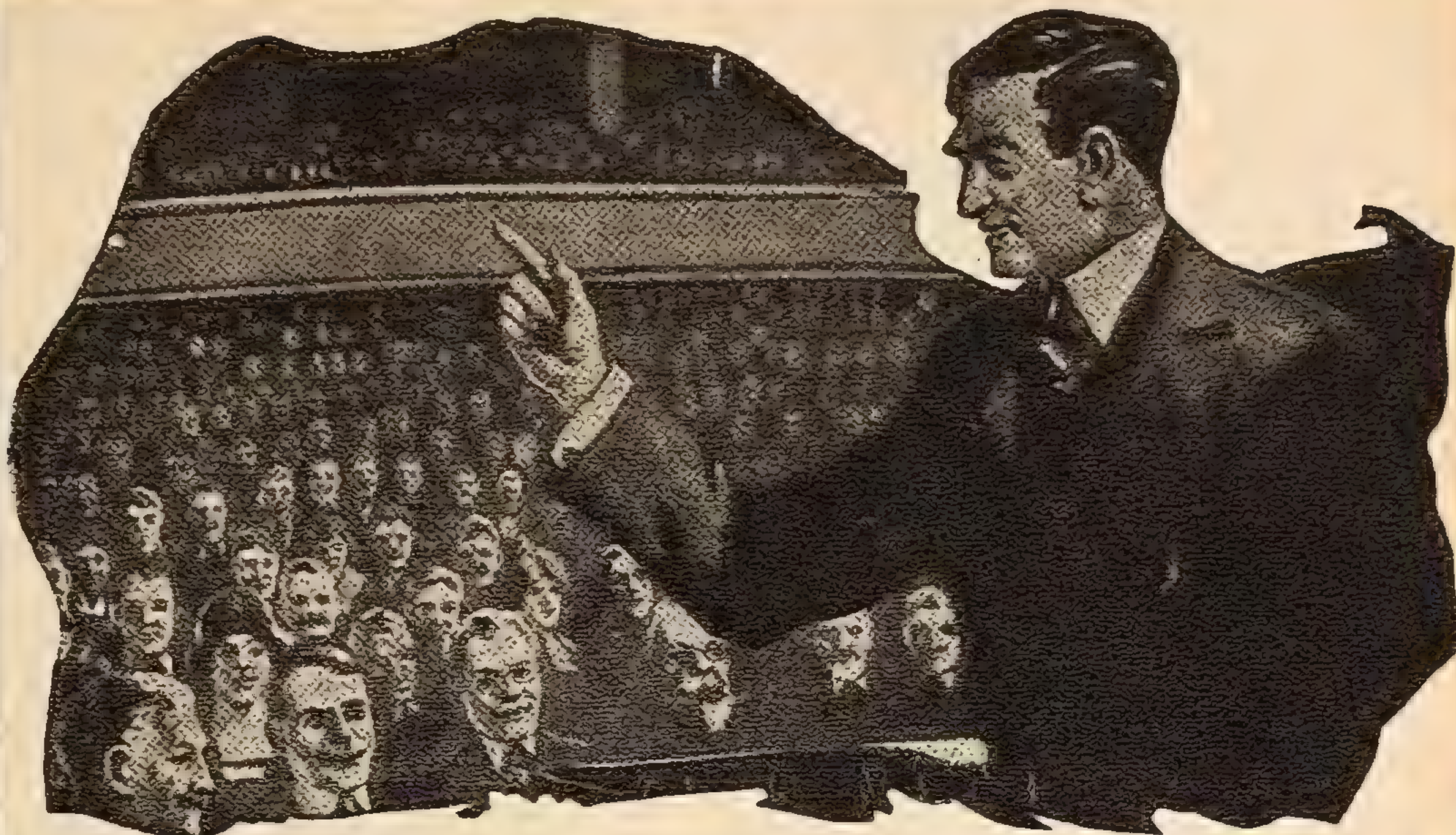
We talk politics and discuss the Irish settlement and I tell him of my trip to Germany. That leads to a discussion of the depreciation in the value of the mark. What will be the outcome? Wells thinks financial collapse. He thinks that marks issued as they are in Germany will be worthless.

I am feeling more intimate and closer to him. There is no strain in talking, though I am still a bit self-conscious and find myself watching myself closely.

We are out in the country, near Lady Warwick's estate, and H. G. tells me how the beautiful place is going to seed; that parts of it are being divided into lots and sold.

The estate, with its livestock, is a show place. It is breeding time for the deer and from the road we can hear the stags bellowing. H. G. tells me they are dangerous at this time of the year.

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(To be concluded next month.)



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Secrets of the Stars

(Continued from page 29.)

fourteen when she went into pictures. Constance and Natalie went to Erasmus Hall.

Alice Terry, who was born in Nashville, Tenn., and educated at Washington, D. C., entered the pictures as an extra. She is now the wife of Rex Ingram, the director. Neither she nor any other young woman who has begun as an extra needs to be told that it is the best way. It may not be the easiest, but it is the best. Those who come up from the bottom seem to last longer than those who begin at the top. There is very little snobbishness in pictures. The extra of today may be the star of tomorrow—Gloria Swanson, for instance, and many others; but it is a little strange that almost all of the snobbishness that does exist shows itself among those stars who have been extras and among only a few of them.

NOBODY can call Bessie Barriscale snobbish and she was a star on the stage before she went into pictures, nor Dorothy Phillips, who learned acting from George Fawcett in one of the best stock companies this country has ever seen, nor Leah Baird, who went from a convent in Chicago to the speaking stage, where she became a successful leading woman before she and Lois Weber went to Universal, where they both learned to direct. Now Miss Baird is a star

and hires directors, and Miss Weber is a director and hires actors.

Edith Roberts went on the stage when she was six, while Bessie Love waited until she was sixteen to leave high school for pictures. When Nell Shipman was sixteen she was playing the piano in Jesse Laskey's vaudeville act, *The Piano Fiends*, while at sixteen Petrova, who once starred in Laskey pictures, was in the middle of an educational career which was carried on in Brussels, Paris and London. Dorothy Gish was two years younger when she went on the stage, and Corinne Griffith was a professional dancer at sixteen. That was the age at which Bessie Love left high school for pictures, and Phillis Haver waited no longer to begin a screen career via the bathing girl route.

Mrs. Sydney Drew was a lyceum entertainer, while Marie Doro came to pictures from the stage, to which she had come from Miss Bronson's School in New York. If she ever did any telephoning from that austere establishment, it is possible that Alice Joyce got her number for her, for Alice, before going into pictures, was a telephone operator in New York.

One might think that a telephone operator would prefer the spoken to the silent drama, but one can never tell. For instance, there's Sylvia Ashton. She was born in mid-ocean, yet never yet has she appeared in a bathing picture.

Little Hints for Booklovers

(Continued from page 52.)

of wealth with at least a minimum of companionableness. Then she met Nick Lansing, whose case was exactly the opposite; he was as poor as could be and as companionable as possible to imagine. That was how it began—

Why shouldn't they marry—belong to each other openly and hon-

orably, if for ever so short a time, and with the definite understanding that whenever either of them got the chance to do better, he or she would be immediately released?

Glimpses of the Moon is one of those novels that has to be carefully read to be correctly understood. (Appleton.)



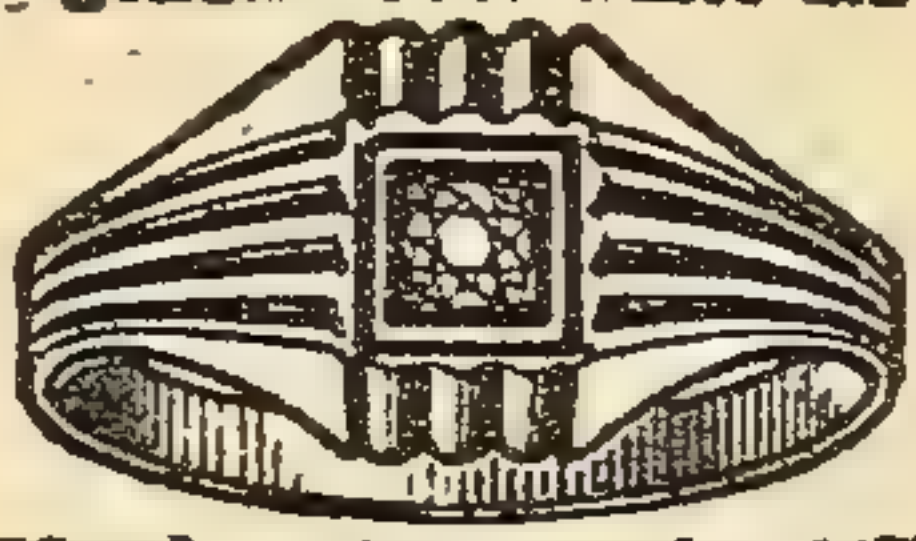
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(The above information for movie fans and scenario writers.)

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If You Can Tell it from a GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back

To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND cannot be told from a GENUINE DIAMOND and has same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in Ladies Solitaire Ring, (cat. price \$5.26) for Half Price to introduce, \$2.63, or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. Price \$6.50) for \$3.25. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail postcard or this ad. State Size. We will mail at once. When ring arrives deposit \$2.63 for Ladies ring or \$3.25 for Gents with postman. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for Free catalog. Agents Wanted.
MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO., Dept. SL, Las Cruces, N. Mex.
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(THIS WAS WRITTEN BY A WOMAN)

"IT'S GOOD"

I was using a well-known household article when my friend came in.

"Why did you buy that kind?" she asked.

"Because it's good," I told her.

She asked me why. Without realizing what I was doing I gave her several technical reasons for the superiority of that machine. I listed a number of its mechanical advantages and one or more very special conveniences that I felt meant a great deal to me.

My reply surprised even myself. I had not realized I knew so much about it. After I had recited my reasons to her I analyzed my first answer, "it's good," and I found that answer typified all of the specific things I was able to recite about the machine which I had as a matter of fact recently purchased.

It had been widely advertised and I, as a large buyer for a household, always felt that any woman may be guided to safe and satisfactory investments for her own needs and the needs of her family if she will but use the messages which the manufacturers send to her in her newspaper or in her magazine.

Until I had said, "it's good," I

did not realize that I had been reading so much about the advantages of the machine which I subsequently purchased. One after the other those messages had gotten into my mind until when asked to do so I was capable of repeating them almost as if I had been a salesman for the company making that article.

However, I realized that the printed message had not really meant so much to me as the repeated appearance. Seeing that article over and over again meant to me that many other women had reached the point where they could purchase it sooner than I and were well satisfied with it.

Almost instinctively the thought took hold of me that when I saw the name of a product appearing again and again I could feel sure that that product was living up to its promise. I could feel secure in buying it.

If only all women would realize that in whatever they buy—machines or furniture—clothing or food—dress goods or hats—jewelry or toys—they may save themselves unwise expenditures by seeking the product which through its advertising and behavior after purchase compels its thousands of customers to say, "it's good."

Published by **SCREENLAND** in co-operation with
The American Association of Advertising Agencies]

"'Darling,' he said, and his fine resolutions fled to the winds, while his deep voice was hoarse and broken. 'My darling!—God! I love you so—beyond all words or sense—Oh, let us be happy for this one night—we must part afterwards, I know, and I will accept that—but just for tonight there can be no sin and no harm in being a little happy—when we are going to pay for it with all the rest of our lives. Let us have the memory of one hour of bliss—the angels themselves could not grudge us that.'"



THE perfect lover, a splendid romantic actor with every characteristic indicating the polish of nobility—such a man must be the gallant *Lord Bracondale* who sways *Theodora*.

AND so they chose Rodolph Valentino for the role. And opposite him they cast Gloria Swanson, for her beauty, her excellence in scenes of emotion and her ability to wear gorgeous gowns.

IF you enjoyed their portrayal of a great love on the silver screen, how much more anxious you will be to read the

intense love story just as Elinor Glyn penned it, in Paris and the lovely gardens of Versailles. SCREENLAND has a copy of this book for you—free.

ALL you have to do to secure this novel is to fill out and mail the attached coupon, with \$2.50 for a year's subscription to SCREENLAND. Then for a whole year Hollywood and the fascinating world of the studios will be brought to your door. You will enjoy all the intriguing gossip and you will peep into the real life of the film colony. And in addition, without cost of one penny, you will receive this gripping novel, *illustrated from the photoplay*.

COUPON

Circulation Manager, SCREENLAND, Hollywood, California:

Please send me FREE one copy of Elinor Glyn's novel "Beyond the Rocks" with one year's subscription to SCREENLAND, for which I enclose \$2.50.

FREE

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____



DESTROYS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR AND ROOTS

And now never a care for bothersome ~~superfluous hair~~. She has learned to definitely free herself of it with the roots—a secret for which thousands of women still yearn. If you have used depilatories, electrolysis or the razor, which leave the roots to thrive, and often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser, you will immediately appreciate this superior remedy.

ZIP gently lifts out the roots with the hairs, and thus destroys the growth without electricity.

Not only removes hair—but checks its future growth.

Rapid, simple to use, fragrant, safe and painless, it leaves the skin soft and smooth. *Guaranteed* not to harm even the most delicate skin.

Women everywhere are discarding the old dangerous methods and are now using ZIP. Avoid imitations.

Which of the **THREE TYPES OF SUPERFLUOUS HAIR** have you? Write for **FREE BOOK**, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," which tells you or call at my Salon and let me give you a **FREE DEMONSTRATION** or prove to you what ZIP has done.

Madame Berthe
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562 Fifth Ave. (46th St.) New York City

At All Good Stores
or direct by mail



Use at Home
or ask at
Your Beauty Shop

- Also Madame Berthe's
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| Massage and Cleansing Cream—cannot promote hair growths..... | 60c |
| Antiseptic Tale—delightfully fragrant..... | 25c |
| Antiseptic Solution..... | 25c |
| Emollient Balm—for the hands and face, softens the skin. Excellent for sunburn and as a base for powder..... | 50c |
| Lash-Life—cleanses lashes and makes them long and lustrous..... | 50c |

AB-SCENT



The Ideal Liquid Deodorant and remedy for excessive perspiration.

Harmless. Cannot irritate. Colorless, containing no staining artificial colors.

Attractive bottle, 50c.

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NEW YORK

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Dept. D-B, 562 Fifth Ave., New York.

Please send me your **FREE BOOK** "Beauty's Greatest Secret" telling of the three types of superfluous hair; also a sample of your Massage and Cleansing Cream, guaranteed not to promote the growth of hair.

Name _____

Address _____ City & State _____

Sheer waists no longer permit an underarm showing even a suggestion of unsightly hair.

The new perfect arched brow, so expressive, is readily had with ZIP.

Bobbed hair demands that the nape
Plucking and shaving are passe.

A well rounded arm—free from all downy hair—is a necessity with the vogue for short sleeves.

Women everywhere are discarding the old dangerous methods and are now using ZIP.

skin
Hair
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